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ENGLAND
TEA

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DOUBLE NEW YEAR NUMBER

# Ramsay Macdonald's Great Chance

by A.G.GARDINER


## Recreation, Amusement, Society.

If you are "out of sorts" nothing is enjoyable, you can find no pleasure in anything. Your favourite recreation loses its charm. That which was wont to amuse you does so no longer. The joy of companionship has left you. Quite likely it is simply a course of

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

that you require. Their effect upon the digestive organs is marvellous. They are the most widely known remedy for many disorders that afflict mankind. Neglect of the Bowels, Stomach, Kidneys or Liver, will bring about gloomy and depressed conditions. The stress and strain of existence to-day will tell on the soundest constitution. Beecham's Pills may be relied upon to restore the balance. You will speedily be put on the high road to recovery, and the periodical use of this trustworthy medicine will assuredly

## Help you to Enjoy the Pleasures of Life.

# GRAVES

**GRAVES GRAMOPHONES**

are better value than ever. Handsome powerful instruments of unrivalled tone and demonstrable quality constructed in our own manufactory, offered at the keenest competitive price and on the easiest Terms of Payment ever made

WE DELIVER Graves Gramophone, (either Hercules or Horn Model as desired) securely packed and carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order. If you are satisfied with the machine after trial in your home, the balance is payable in monthly payments of 5/- Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

GRAVES HERCULES GRAMOPHONE has beautifully polished Cabinet of selected oak (size 16½ x 14 x 7½in) Powerful Motor with worm drive, silent & even running. 4speed Regulator, Taper Tone Arm & finest quality Sound Box. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. £3 : 10 : 0

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE (Horn Model) has Cabinet, size 12½ x 12½ x 6in. as beautifully polished and tastefully decorated. Powerful, skilfully built silent motor, Taper Tone Arm, speed Controller, decorated Sound Horn, and finest quality Sound Box. Price £3 : 15 : 0

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## Motor Information Coupon.

*Please send me information regarding the following cars:*

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## *The most comprehensive and practical ever offered.*

## A GIFT WORTH 25/-

PRESENT Registered Readers are fully qualified for the 1924 benefits as set forth below. They SHOULD NOT RE-REGISTER unless they have changed their address or Newsagent.

The conditions governing this Offer also appear below.

Readers who have not yet taken advantage of one Gift [illegible] SO AT ONCE. It is [illegible] to-day than [illegible] to-morrow.

## The 1924 Benefits

### FIRE.

£400 — against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband or wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.

£500 — in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 — or £125 in respect of both, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK, maximum paid during reinstatement (not exceeding 52 weeks).

### ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250 — loss of life.

£250 — loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125 — loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 3 weeks for total disablement, providing it involves fracture of limbs or skull.

### HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300 — loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£100 — loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.

£100 — loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100 — loss by bursting of fixed water pipes or frost[illegible]

£500 — theft caused by housebreaking, robbery, or violent assault upon [illegible]

£100 — loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1000 — in case of death of husband and wife [illegible] caused by violence [illegible] burglary or housebreaking [illegible] for the purpose of robbery.

£500 — if and [illegible]

£500 — or £250 in respect of both for loss of one limb or eye under [illegible]

£10 — Medical Fees for [illegible] caused by burglary, housebreaking or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for [illegible] for sickness up to 3 months, for disablement caused by burglary, housebreaking or fire.

### SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s. — for total disablement for fifteen consecutive days [illegible] Influenza, Diphtheria, Measles, Rheumatic Fever, Typhoid Fever.

£500 — [illegible]

£500 — [illegible]

£500 — [illegible]

# Healthy Foods
## AND BEVERAGES

**THE BRANDED GOODS ADVERTISED ON THIS PAGE ARE GUARANTEED BY JOHN BULL** to be *pure* and *wholesome* and entirely *free from* adulteration or harmful preservatives. Since there is little or no difference in price between these and similar articles sold without any guarantee, READERS SHOULD ALWAYS ASK FOR THESE BRANDS BY NAME.

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**Clarnico**

CHOCOLATE

**LILY BRAZILS**

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The most economical of all foods. Gives most nourishment for the least money. All benefit by it. Everyone likes it. Always get

**Quaker Oats**

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**Now a lovely child thanks to Neave's**

Mrs. E. Bell, 35, Linden Terrace, Gainsborough, writes: "After trying nearly every food on the market, we at last gave baby Neave's. He is now a lovely child, and every one asks what we feed him on. We are only too pleased to tell them his health is entirely due to Neave's Food."

Baby Bell (photo)

Neave's Food has stood the test of world-wide use for practically a century. Neave's Food is specially recommended by the "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," and other leading authorities. Eminent physicians use and endorse Neave's Food, and mothers by the thousand recommend it.
Though the oldest, Neave's Food is *still* the best. It is also the cheapest.
*Sold everywhere in 1/8 and 4/2 tins, also in 6d. cartons.*

**FREE SAMPLE**
of Neave's Food and useful book, "Hints About Baby," written by a trained nurse, sent free on receipt of postcard.

Neave's Food Ltd. (Dept. 142), Fordingbridge.

Babies thrive on

**Neave's Food**

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The Choicest Blend of the Finest Selected Teas

**MAZAWATTEE TEA**

is famed for its

**Purity, Economy and Unvarying Flavour**

Doctors and Analysts recommend MAZAWATTEE TEA, and every Packet bears the Official Label of the

BRITISH ANALYTICAL CONTROL

*Ask your Grocer for a Packet—TO-DAY.*

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**WISE MOTHERS**
quite rightly keep tea and coffee from children.

It is impossible to measure the mischief that tea and coffee may cause to the nervous systems and digestive organs of growing boys and girls. The perfect beverage for children and for adults too who are suffering from the effects of tea and coffee's drug element is Instant Postum, a pure cereal beverage with a coffee-like flavour and aroma. Made instantly in the cup. Sold by Grocers and Stores in ½-lb. tins, 2/6 (sufficient for 90 to 100 cups), and ¼lb. tins, 1/7.

**Instant Postum**

*"There's a reason."*

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE.

Sample tin sufficient for seven cups will be sent on receipt of 2d. stamp for postage. Or send 4d. stamp for combined sample of Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts and Post Toasties.

GRAPE-NUTS Co. Ltd. (Dept. 48A), 5, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.2.

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The Wise Knight speaks—

**"CHEESE IS BEST AFTER ALL"**

An old West Countrie saying which implies that it is not only the best food to finish a dinner with, but it is in itself the best food. And St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is the best of Cheese.

It is the only Cheese ever Awarded a Gold Medal at the International Medical Congress.

**St. Ivel LACTIC CHEESE**

8½d. *per cheese.*
"*Minnies*," 2d. *each.*

# "THE EFFICIENT MIND"

## Free Book that Everyone Should Read.

A BOOK has just been published which everyone who wishes to get on in life should read.

This book is entitled "The Efficient Mind," and contains a full description of the New Pelmanism, which is enabling so many people at the present time to increase their earning power, to rise to higher positions in business, and generally to improve their mental efficiency and social status.

Here are a few extracts from letters received from men and women who have taken up this famous Course:—

**"My salary has increased over 200 per cent. during the last 18 months."—SALESMAN (H.16,540).**

**"I am in a much better financial position, having had several increases in salary. All this I attribute to Pelmanism."—GROCER'S ASSISTANT (C.27,529).**

**"An all-round regeneration. Effort is becoming habit, the inward urge is getting a chance, and thriving wonderfully. (Lesson 2 did the trick.) Concentration is much better and interest sustained. I have changed from an easy-going, take-it-for-granted sort, to a man with a purpose and joy of achievement; and I can see that others are observing the change to my gain," writes a DOCTOR (K.20,106).**

**"Since taking the Course I have more than trebled my income, which is due solely to your teaching."—CLERK (L.18,150).**

**"Apart from the mental and physical benefits, which are very great, the Course has been a very profitable one, as I have since had two substantial additions to my salary."—CASHIER (B.19,268).**

**"I was recently appointed Assistant Secretary in my business, and the compliment I often get, 'You are a walking encyclopædia' is due to Pelmanism."—TYPIST (C.14,021).**

**"I have increased my salary 85 per cent. since taking the Course and improved myself intellectually and Physically. If anyone had told me they could have improved themselves as I have done, I should never have believed it."—INVOICE CLERK (E.W.175).**

**"I realise that the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training is more valuable than gold, and bless the day I commenced the Course."—MACHINE WORKER (L.26,155).**

**"Recently I was sent to Newcastle to organise the depot. I am succeeding where two of my predecessors failed. I attribute my success to the Pelman methods."—SALES MANAGER (R.13,123).**

Every reader who wishes to make the fullest use of the powers waiting to be developed in his or her mind should get a copy of "The Efficient Mind."

This book shows you how, by devoting a few minutes daily to a simple course of scientific Mind-Training, you can increase your Mental Efficiency, improve your Memory, widen your interests, and develop just those qualities which will enable you to succeed in life.

Just write to-day (using the coupon printed on this page) to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, and a copy of "The Efficient Mind" will be posted to you by return, free of all cost, with full particulars of the system that has done so much for others and the benefits of which are now obtainable by you.

"WELL, DEAR, YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. THAT COURSE OF PELMANISM WAS THE FINEST THING I EVER TOOK UP. I WAS MADE MANAGER TO-DAY."

# Why He Was Made Manager

HE was young and ambitious. He took his work seriously. On the advice of his wife, he took up Pelmanism, spent an interesting half an hour every evening with the "little grey books," and enjoyed working out the exercises. His efficiency, enthusiasm, and mental alertness attracted attention. He became confidential secretary to the Managing Director. He made several valuable suggestions which were adopted in the business. As a consequence, he was promoted over the heads of several of his seniors to the position of Manager. In the evening he returned home, treading on air, to tell his wife what this wonderful Course of Mind-Training had done for him.

Hundreds of such cases could be quoted from the reports received by the Pelman Institute. Some will be found in the book you can obtain free of charge to-day.

**Practise Pelmanism for half an hour every evening or three nights a week—and you will develop just those qualities which will mark you out for speedy promotion.**

You will develop Self-Confidence, Initiative, Concentration, Judgment, Originality, Organising Power, a Strong Will, Observation, Resourcefulness, Directive Ability, Personality, and a reliable Memory; you will banish those failings which handicap so many; you will double your efficiency, and consequently your EARNING POWER.

There is nothing difficult about Pelmanism. Indeed, it is a most fascinating mental recreation—just the thing for the evenings when more arduous studies are apt to be distasteful. The fee is small, can be paid, if desired, in instalments, and will be repaid to you over and over again in your increased earning power.

Thousands of men and women in every walk of life testify to the Power that Pelmanism gives. Their letters make wonderful reading. They show how Pelmanism has increased their Efficiency in every way—how it has enabled them to gain Promotion—how it has developed their Personalities—how it has enabled them to hold their own (and more than hold their own) in the fierce competition of Business and the Professions—how it has developed their speaking powers—how it has increased their *Earning Power* (even *doubled* and *trebled* it), how it has enabled them to realise their aims, dreams, and ambitions.

### THE WAY TO PROMOTION

Don't stay in the rut! Let Pelmanism show you the way to promotion and successful achievement. Let it increase your efficiency and help you to earn a larger income. It has done this for others; let it help you in the same way. Write in the first place for a copy of "The Efficient Mind." It will be sent you free of cost or obligation, and will tell you just what Pelmanism is and what it will do for you. Send for this book to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Use this coupon to-day (or call) and you will receive the book and full particulars by return of post, FREE OF COST.

**POST THIS FREE COUPON TO-DAY**

To THE PELMAN INSTITUTE,
15, Pelman House,
Bloomsbury Street,
London, W.C.1.

SIR,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of "THE EFFICIENT MIND," with full particulars of the New Pelman Course.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

If coupon is sent in an OPEN envelope it only needs ½d. Stamp. All correspondence is confidential.

Vol. XXXV. No. 916.
Week ending Saturday, Jan. 5, 1924. Twopence.

# JOHN BULL

*The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets*

## *The* WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

*Telephone:* Gerrard 9866.

*Telegrams:* Heroically, London.

**A Premature Squeal.**

Mr. MacDonald is crying before he is hurt. Those "attempts to wangle the situation," so far have signally failed. In the words of the man whose votes are going to keep him in power, we advise him to "wait and see."

**The Absent Bogey.**

Mr. Lloyd George has publicly demanded fair play for Labour. Mr. Asquith has denounced a Coalition. Whom does Mr. MacDonald fear? Lord Rothermere? When he returns to Westminster he will smile at the very thought.

**Up Against It.**

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will not find the office of Premier a sinecure. The Scottish members denounce his decision to take office as "a disaster and a betrayal." Labour's worst enemies are in its own ranks.

**An Unwarranted Claim.**

The Labour Party make us smile when they smugly announce themselves to be the one and only *democratic* party. Who brought about our great social reforms? It is just as funny to assume that Labour is not *constitutional!*

**"Daily Mail," Please Note!**

The official organ of the Soviet Government states bluntly that the accession of the Labour Party to power will do nothing to forward revolution in Britain. This is a bitter pill for those who wilfully persist in hanging Communism round the neck of the Labour Party.

**A Sinister Catchword.**

The *Times* is appealing to the Labour Party not to interfere with the "continuity" of foreign policy. It is a specious plea for going on with the Singapore folly, and we are afraid the *Times* is going to be badly disappointed.

**That Clear Road.**

Now that the Moscow Government has admitted liability for the pre-war Russian debt to Britain the last obstacle to recognition has gone. It was a main plank in both Liberal and Labour platforms, and the New Year should soon witness the accomplished fact.

**The Unsigned Contract.**

The Dominion Premiers are deceiving themselves when they expect the Protectionist proposals of the Imperial Conference to be carried out. But they have no quarrel with the nation. The promise was Mr. Baldwin's, and the nation refused to confirm it.

**Logical Consequence.**

A Parliament elected on a Free Trade programme cannot logically continue the ridiculous Safeguarding of Industries Act. We look to see it repealed at the earliest possible moment.

**Stop the Waste First!**

Already hints are being dropped that an increase of taxation will be necessary to make ends meet. The only Government that has a chance of retaining office is the one that is willing to put economy first, last, and all the time.

**Playing with Fire.**

We are on the verge of war with Afghanistan At any moment the hope of more friendly relations with Russia may be destroyed. Without delay Parliament must insist on the fullest information.

**Disgusting!**

Work for the unemployed is hung up because the Great Western Railway Company can get no reply to its offer from the Ministry of Transport. There's a rude awakening coming for some of our slothful officials!

**A Task Undone.**

It is officially estimated that when the highest point of the unemployment schemes have been reached 300,000 men will have found work. What a flea-bite! What a tragedy of official incompetence!

**Twisting the Truth.**

M. Poincaré claims that the occupation of the Ruhr has decreased British unemployment by 200,000. As it first increased it by at least a million, we cannot see what we have to thank him for.

**An Abominable Scandal.**

It now appears that France has paid all her war debts to Switzerland and Spain, and part to America and Japan—£167,000,000 in all. Great Britain has not received a penny. Is this France's estimate of our prestige in Europe?

**A Plain Question.**

The new Committees of Enquiry into German finance might start their work by asking M. Poincaré whether he wants territory or reparations. On his answer largely depends their success or failure.

**What We've Missed.**

The French Government received a defeat on the high cost of living. France is a Protectionist country, and food prices are soaring. The British electorate took a wise decision when it rejected Protection.

**Unnecessary.**

The American President is considering calling another international conference on the limitation of armaments. The League of Nations has a scheme ready. Why not simply endorse that and have done?

**Rent Act Loopholes.**

How long is the "furnished room" ramp to continue? Helpless people are being fleeced right and left by conscienceless profiteers, and Parliament must take a speedy hand in ending the scandal.

**From Bad to Worse.**

Under the Chamberlain Act of 1923 only 2,500 houses have been built. In 1919 there was a net deficit of 796,248 houses. The deficit is now at least 300,000 more. Such figures need no comment.

**More "Rings."**

After houses—steel. Plans are being rapidly matured for the formation of a huge steel trust to cover Britain. If they succeed, prices will soar. That legislation to check rings and combines must be dug out of its pigeon-hole.

**Paying Through the Nose.**

Last year the profits on gas undertakings rose by £5,500,000. No wonder the Board of Trade has decided that a fall in price is overdue.

**Almost too Late.**

Coal profits have doubled this last year, while the utmost many miners can earn is 43s. to 45s. per week. Add to this the steady increase in the number of accidents, and who can be surprised that a coal strike draws perilously near?

**Right Spirit—Wrong Country.**

The children of Germany having received attention, the cranks are now appealing for funds for the homeless children of Russia. Meanwhile we continue to press for houses for the homeless children of Britain.

**Pigeon-holed Again!**

In 1920 the Ministry of Labour issued a report condemning the vile conditions under which boys were employed at the docks. Nothing was done. Blow the dust off the report and take action!

**Whitehall's Mystery.**

The Ministry of Pensions staff is now 23,552, an increase of 633 on a year ago; the Ministry paid 400,000 less pensions last year. Will someone attempt to justify the increase in staff?

**'Ware Hotheads!**

There is nothing in the railway award to justify the threat of a national strike by the engineers and firemen. Once more we say that the strike weapon is a ruinous one to all concerned.

**The Better Way.**

The Scottish Office suggests fining parents whose children become criminals through their neglect. Better than sending the children to prison and making them confirmed criminals.

**A Good Beginning.**

Mr. Justice Russell is to be congratulated on his judgment in the now famous chorus girl case. It is the first step towards suppressing the white slavery that has its cause in the bogus manager.

**Island of Doom.**

Two more deaths have occurred as the result of detention on the notorious Ellis Island. No wonder Sir Auckland Geddes said he would prefer imprisonment in Sing Sing!

**Expensive Ignorance.**

The slaughter of cattle is a crude and expensive way of staying disease. A single day's cost to the taxpayer would have endowed science with all the weapons of research it needed. Our Departments have yet to learn that an expenditure of thousands may in the end save millions.

**Bringing Pressure to Bear.**

By meeting to discuss the failings of the Post Office the British Chambers of Commerce are doing useful work. Inefficient management and high charges are doing immeasurable harm to the country's trade. Perhaps the Post Office will now learn something.

**British—just British!**

Eighteen members of the new Parliament have at one time or another suffered imprisonment on religious or political grounds. Their return to Westminster is striking testimony to the distinction Britain draws between prosecution and persecution.

**Worry Money.**

Master money—don't let money master you! Deborah Stirbock, sixty-two, of Woburn Square, Bloomsbury, had money, and she kept on fretting and imagining that she had lost it. Finally she threw herself out of the window. A sad story of a widow who had let her money worry her to death.

**Out of Sight—Out of Mind.**

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. Robert Cottrell of St. Anne's, a furniture dealer. Mrs. Cottrell has been in bad health for some time, and the other day began to bath the baby. Wandering out of the room she forgot all about the child in the water and began house work. The father came home and found his wife mentally deranged and his baby dead—a tragedy of ill-health.

**If you see it in——!**

Our cheerful remarks recently regarding a coming trade boom are being borne out in one direction at least. On the Clyde things have taken a sudden turn for the better. New orders aggregate 450,000 tons, while additional work amounting to 100,000 tons is being negotiated. And three shipyards closed for two years are reopening. Where are those dismal Jimmies?

**Who Wants a Job?**

Applying for an advertised vacancy for man and wife as caretakers of the Cambrian Railways Institute, Oswestry, a reader learned that he would be expected to look after the flower garden around the building, and his wife to clean the interior and exercise general supervision during the daytime. The remuneration offered was house, coal and light free and five shillings a week. Not knowing quite what he would do with so much money every Saturday, he refused the job. Anybody want it?

**The Pound of Flesh.**

Mr. Jacob, senior, and Mr. Jacob, junior, managing directors of the London County Furnishing Company, have a better understanding of the Christian religion than some of the magistrates who administer the law. When a girl of twenty-three, a clerk in their employ, was accused with a manager of embezzling certain moneys, they pleaded, with tears in their eyes, for her release and lighter sentence for the man ten years her senior. Both pleas were disregarded, and Brighton magistrates stand convicted of a vicious sentence.

**Wee, but Plucky.**

The member for West Nottingham is a family man with every reason to be proud of his flock. Little Grace Hayday, aged seven, was crossing a road leading the way for two baby sisters who toddled behind when she noticed an oncoming car. Back she dashed, and pushed the toddlers to safety before falling and getting very badly bruised. Well done little Gracie, sixteenth child of a family of eighteen, but with lots of individuality for all that.

**About Turn!**

What reversals of status and rank our citizen army experienced during the period of hostilities and what topsy-turvydom peace again brought in its train! The latest example of Tommy becoming better than his late master is afforded by the appointment as his secretary by late Private Frank Gray, M.P. for Oxford City, of Captain J. C. Johnstone, M.A., M.C., under whom he served. It is little things like this that not only indicate the kindly regard and past good feeling existing between Tommy and officer, but point out the worth of the men who held the humbler ranks among the fighters.

**Master and Men.**

We wonder what would be the course of action of those hard-hearted lairds of Scotland who have so often of late prosecuted starving poachers if they themselves felt the pangs of hunger. Two unemployed workers were up on such a charge at Stirling Court, and when they were ordered to reappear for trial, it transpired that each appearance before the beaks necessitated a foot-wearying tramp of over thirty miles, since they had no money for railway fares. These land magnates ought to remember that a little warm-heartedness is an excellent palliative for the diseases of Communism and Bolshevism.

**Love in a Snare.**

"He who loves and runs away lives to love another day," is apparently the motto of David Bradford, who was charged at Rhyl County Court with the board and lodging of a single girl whom he took to his rooms. David declared the girl arrived by herself, and he was not responsible. But Judge Thomas had heard the Eve and apple story before and was impressed. He ordered David to pay the money, and quite right too.

**Get-Rich-Quick.**

When Thomas James Carr, farmer, of The Crescent, York, preferred his claim for alleged arrears against one of his tenants it was revealed that it was an extortionate one. And Judge McCarthy decided that Carr had been milking his tenant to the extent of nearly £1 per week. Some day a wise legislature will make it the law that a man guilty of this sort of thing must stand in the dock. It is the only way to stop it.

**A Bewildered Judge.**

The difficulties and hardships arising from our shortage of houses seem never ending. As Alfred Stringer, of Lister Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, has had his wife bedridden for five years, he bought a house in Plymouth Grove in the hope that the change would do her good. Unfortunately this house is occupied by a Mr. Turner whose aged mother of eighty-two would be placed in great danger if she had to undergo the ordeal of being moved. It is no wonder that Judge Mellor when faced with the problem had to own himself beaten.

**A Wangle.**

It is refreshing to find the Oldbury bench awaking to the fact that it is necessary to insist that when possession of a house is sought by landlords to provide accommodation for grown-up sons or daughters, it must be for that purpose. There is too much wangling over this clause.

*The Human Machine.*

## A WILLING SERVANT

*by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

*M. COUE has achieved fame through his belief in the healthgiving effects of saying to oneself, "Each day, in every way, I get better and better." He is preaching a great truth. The mind has a direct effect on the body, particularly the subconscious mind.*

*A man's mind may be made either his willing slave or his merciless tyrant.*

*Sleeplessness is a far too prevalent affliction nowadays. If you suffer from insomnia, tackle it NOW.*

*There is a better method than counting sheep. Make use of the powers of your subconscious mind.*

*See that your sleeping attitude is right. See that your muscles are completely relaxed. See, above all, that fresh air can get into the room. Now see that your mental attitude is right.*

*Say: "I CAN go to sleep. Of course I can go to sleep." Say it with conviction, and when you say it, mean it.*

*After a little time say: "Now I am getting sleepy. I feel tired. I am not able to keep my eyelids open." And when you say it, mean it.*

*Now say: "I am going to sleep." Say it about twenty times. And when you say it BELIEVE it.*

*Follow this up by about twenty slow, deep breaths. Ten minutes of this and you should be asleep. Perhaps the first time you will not succeed. Never mind. Do it the next night; and keep on until you do succeed.*

*In the end your subconscious mind will believe that when you say you are going to sleep you are in earnest, and it will help you.*

*But if you don't firmly believe it yourself you will get no assistance from your subconsciousness.*

*It will readily obey orders, but it will never aid hypocrisy.*

**Misplaced Mercy.**

Surely the Sunderland magistrates showed misplaced mercy when they imposed the penalty of £10 or a month on Robert Turner, a Ryhope butcher, owner of a horse that had been left to die of starvation, and had eaten part of its manger in its hunger? A little of his own medicine would have done Robert good.

**Pluck and Promptitude.**

During a performance at a Cradley Heath kinema, a film burst into flames, but before the audience realised that their lives were in peril, the operator, Harry Johnson, had broken off the blazing film, thrown it on the floor and extinguished it. Such cool heads as Johnson's are priceless in a crisis.

**The Way of a "Sponger."**

Though receiving a private income of £4 weekly, William Beresford Orde Lisle, was caught begging at Kingston. As he did not happen to have enough ready money on him to pay his paltry £1 fine, the Kingston Bench very kindly let him go on his promising to send the money along. They make the "spongers'" way easy at Kingston; are they so considerate to the genuinely down and out?

**What Made Him Bad?**

Thomas Longmuir, a boy of sixteen, seems to be "quite a handful." Three times he has escaped from Parkhead Reformatory, Glasgow, on the third occasion stealing six pairs of trousers from a shop. Two previous convictions have also been recorded against him, and once he received seven strokes with the birch. Now he goes back to his reformatory. But we can't help wondering what his first offence was—and how he was punished for it.

**Mother of Evil.**

We are surprised at the leniency of the Yarmouth Bench with Florence and Rose Barron. Florence, the mother, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and Rose fined £5, on charges of teaching children to steal from shops. The mother was a Fagin, and corrupted four children of neighbours as well as two of her own. She taught the mites to steal dolls, scent, silk, socks and wool. Were there no fathers on the Yarmouth Bench to punish such an evil hag?

**The Welsh Heroine.**

That Mrs. Pryce Hamer, of Cerrist Trefeglwys, Montgomeryshire, possesses all the love of a true mother for her child was proved by the heroic sacrifice she made in attempting to save the five-year-old boy whom she had adopted. When this small mite wandered under a wagon of a train loaded with wood she stooped under the wheels in a frantic effort to save him, but the attempt ended in disaster, for the train's sudden departure caused the youngster to be cut to pieces and the heroic foster-mother to have both her arms torn off. Words are futile in view of such sacrifice.

**The Call of the Open.**

For the past year during all the variations of our inclement weather a Chichester man named Farmer, along with his wife and children, has been forced to live and sleep by the side of the highway with no other roof but a tarpaulin sheet to cover his family and possessions. It is twelve months since Farmer was evicted from his house, and last week when the District Council caused him to be summoned for obstructing the roadway, the case was adjourned to give him a fortnight to find that needle in a hayrick—a house to let. What a farce, and what miserable Scrooges that District Council contains!

**An Arsenal at Large.**

A rifle, two revolvers and a bowie-knife in the hands of a madman did not terrorise Captain Thomas Mitchell, a former Pipe-major of Dundee, who is now resident at Findlater, Saskatchewan, Canada. Hearing that the lunatic had blockaded himself in a farm he offered his services to the local magistrate as a special constable, and then, in the guise of a doctor, he got near enough to the maniac to drive his thumb into his back with such force that he believed he was being held up at revolver point and laid down his arms. Britain's traditional valour will never suffer while we have men of this type to uphold it.

**Deport "Patsy."**

It may be that "Posh Patsy" is too clever for our Yard men and that they cannot frame a charge against him. But they know enough to obtain a deportation order against him. Why do they not act?

**Stage Morals.**

Everyone has been shocked beyond utterance by the terrible disclosures in the recent "chorus girl" case. It had been thought that such revelations could only belong to yellow journalism—it appears that they are existing facts. And if Brimelow has been exposed by the legal proceedings, it can be assumed that there are others who have not yet been caught. Hats off to the Entertainments Joint Protection Committee.

**Grandfather.**

A money-grabbing owner of property at Ackworth, his wife, and their six grand-children have been sleeping in one room. Some time ago he persuaded a family to leave one of his houses, and then converted its lower part into a fried-fish shop. After that he got short shrift from the judge when he applied for an ejectment order against another family. Which serves him right, though it's hard luck for the little ones to have such a grandfather.

**The Fifth Commandment.**

The love between father and son can be a beautiful thing. Archibald McKenzie, of Arran, however, has never apparently heard of the fifth commandment. Although his old father had done him no wrong, McKenzie made a savage attack on him at the breakfast table, flashing a knife and yelling, "I'll murder you!" Luckily neighbours intervened and the blood-luster has been put on probation for six months. Arran should keep a sharp look-out on him.

**Burnley Bravery.**

The townspeople of Burnley have lost a hero in tram-conductor William Simpson. When a skidding motor-wagon had collided with his tram and smashed the brake apparatus so badly that the car ran away down a steep decline, Simpson, with no thought for his own safety, seized two children and dropped them on the road out of harm's way. A few seconds later the car, jumping the metals, became a wreck, and the brave conductor received such frightful injuries that he died an hour later. Peace has its heroes as well as war.

**No Gentleman.**

Samuel Hesegood is no good or he would not have so far forgotten common decency and humanity as to starve to death a number of unfortunate fowls and rabbits in his possession. This fellow kept eighty-two fowls and several rabbits unfed for a whole month, until a number of them died in misery. At Essex Police Court his excuse that a clerkship in the City gave him too little time to attend to the live-stock missed fire. He was reprimanded and fined £15. Why was not prison added?

**Kindergarten Gambling Schools.**

The doings of some of the bookies and betting parents of Glasgow call for attention from the police. These people are pressing into service youngsters of ages varying from six to twelve years, making them do the running between bookmaker and patron in order to carry all the slips, verbal directions and money concerned in their transactions. Such pernicious experiences as these introduced into their lives at such a receptive age are bound to nurture madcap gamblers who, in the future, will be a positive evil to society.

**Safe at Last.**

In a recent issue we directed attention to the appalling brutality inflicted by a fiendish Canadian farmer on a poor little motherless mite named Laura Elman. When the news of her ordeal first reached London, it was stated that she had been migrated to Canada, but we are now glad to be assured by the Canadian Government Officials at Ottawa that this is not the case. Everything is now being done for the welfare of both emigrant and Canadian-born children working on Canadian farms, and if this attitude is maintained it will go a long way to set the public mind at rest.

**Light Wanted.**

There must be full inquiry into the circumstances under which the negro quack Masange, who is not even a British subject, was able to land here and set up in business as a "cure all" without anybody thinking it necessary to ask for his papers or his authority as a healer of the sick and the blind.

**Women on the Frontier.**

Affairs on the North-West Frontier make us tremble for the safety of the white women who, against our repeated warnings, have been allowed to live there. The Afridi would not be deemed "progressive" by a women's equality society; but he is a fiend for a man to deal with. The old Empire builders knew better than to expose their women folk unnecessarily to his power.

**These Touching Tales!**

Mrs. Lily Corrigan, of Sidney Street, Glasgow, had a soft side for clergymen. The trouble arose when she thought they had an equally soft side for her! By telling one that her husband had died in the infirmary, she succeeded in getting 10s. Then later she coolly tried to get £1 by pleading arrears in her rent. But unfortunately she went to the same parson, who instantly recognised her. And now Lily claims acquaintance with the "cloth" no more.

**Kidderminster Caution.**

Any excuse is better than none if the Chairman of the Kidderminster finance committee is to be believed. After plans have been made and all arrangements considered for starting a sugar-beet factory near that city, this gentleman states that owing to the defeat of the Government's Protection Policy at the General Election the necessary capital cannot be raised. Caution with a capital C, but it won't kid the people of Kidderminster, who are able to recognise a dog-in-the-manger policy when they see it.

*Problems of Life.*

## *THE WAY TO RETALIATE*

*By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

*A FRIEND of mine told me long ago that he made it a definite rule of his life to do a good turn to anyone who did him a bad one.*

*He would lie in wait for his chance, which might be long in coming, but he never failed in the end to pay his enemy out, as he called it, by returning good for evil, a kindness for an unkindness.*

*It did not follow that the person thus magnanimously treated always knew to whom he was under obligation; my friend did not concern himself about that; his only object was to see that a malicious action should be repaid by a generous one without regard to immediate gain.*

*The long result has been to make him one of the happiest of living men. When I first knew him his hair was black as the raven's wing; to-day it is strewn with snow, but he is as young in spirit as ever.*

*I wonder that we do not all practise his method: it would transfigure life for us.*

*It would be such fun, too—almost a game, especially if we did not indulge in priggish self-approval on account of it.*

*"So and so has just been speaking ill of me, I hear. Well, I suppose I have got to find something good to say about him. What shall it be?"*

*Or "that fellow across the street is trying to steal my livelihood. I can't let him do it, but I must hunt up some way of giving him a lift."*

*Human nature being what it is, not all one's adversaries would respond in kind; some would try to take selfish advantage of such an attitude; but on the whole it would tend to bring out the best all round.*

*It would clear spite out of us, anyway.*

**Work at Last.**

Mankind is divided into two classes—those who want work and those who don't. George Brown, sixty-nine, belongs to the latter. At the London Sessions it was said that he had twenty-nine convictions against him and has never done a day's work. He has got nine months' hard labour. Let's hope they make him do it bearing in mind his boast "I have never done a day's work, and don't intend to." The old bird's been too "fly."

**The Death Cell.**

Edward Syms, apprehended at Nottingham for wandering without means of support, was remanded for medical examination owing to doubts as to his mental condition, and placed in a cell in Bagthorpe jail, where he hanged himself. We should like to know, first, why a man in such a state was placed in a prison cell instead of a hospital ward, and, secondly, how much longer poverty is to be regarded as a crime.

**A "Sporty" Offer.**

Messrs. D. H. Boyce and Sons, of 24, Staple Inn Buildings South, High Holborn, are still advertising for people to act as salesmen in their "Sports Games and Inventors" business. An investment of £50 is necessary before the job is forthcoming, which carries a salary of £3 per week at first and £5 afterwards. The employee has to go about selling their novelties, which are not as easy to dispose of as Boyce and Sons make out. We criticised this firm when it was in Queen Victoria Street, and we repeat our warning now that it has changed its address to High Holborn.

**The Bonus Tea Bubble.**

The bonus tea bubble should have burst long ago, but it is still being blown to greater dimensions than ever. The Sturgo Tea Company, of 169A, Oxford Road, Manchester, offer a cash bonus of £4 4s. to those who take their tea regularly every week; but, as in the case of many other similar offers which we have exposed, no particular period is specified, and customers might die of old age before they receive their money. We cannot recommend dealings with concerns which adopt such catchpenny methods.

**The Pest in Budapest.**

F. Clark, of Budapest, whose conduct in connection with certain sweepstakes we recently exposed, has broken out afresh. In an astoundingly mendacious circular he declares that he has not had a single complaint or unpleasant letter from any subscriber, and offers tickets in a sweepstake on the coming Derby. As a side-line, he also invites applications for shares in "The Hungarian Bread Company," a concern in course of formation of which he calls himself secretary. Our readers will be well advised to keep their money in their pockets.

**Making Your Flesh Creep.**

Professor C. Van de Zaar, of Forest Mansion, Haarlem, Holland, like the Fat Boy in the "Pickwick Papers," wants to make your flesh creep. He floods this country with circulars regarding "astrological information and advice over this critical and disastrous year nineteen hundred and twenty-four," and offers "wealth, health, success and prosperity" to anyone foolish enough to send him five shillings. Fortune tellers at fairs are promptly prosecuted. The Postal Authorities should use their powers to prevent misuse of the mails by such mug-hunting mountebanks.

**"Tomes of Tomfoolery."**

Under this heading we recently ridiculed some of the extremely extravagant claims made in three booklets by the herbalist, W. H. Box. Several readers have written, some supporting herbalism, others dissenting, but in fairness to ourselves we must remind readers that we did not deny the general principles of herbalism subscribed to in the "tomes" from the pen of Mr. Box; we objected, and continue to object, to the terrible charges made against the medical profession, such as "Doctors are murderers" and that the worst diseases "are due to the medical profession."

# How to Make a Fortune!

As most of us are just getting over a very expensive time, we think our readers may like to be introduced to a kind-hearted fellow who is willing to fling wealth at you for the asking.

Barnett is his name, but he does not hail from that thriving North London suburb.

He is far too swagger for that, and sends out his fortune-making proposals from an office at Red Lion House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

He tells you that he can show you the way to reap great profits at once with practically no risk. All you have to do is to send him your money, and he will do the rest. Enclosed with his letter is a card which urges you to "Note!!! Pause!!! Think!!!" We agree that it is well that you should.

Barnett says in letters written on the notepaper of a concern called the Standard Investment Company that the road to fortune is paved with "options." If you are not particularly well up in the intricacies of high finance this may perplex you a little.

But don't pause too long or you may lose the way. Let us help you to understand the greatness of Barnett's generosity.

His "option" system is merely a glorified form of betting, shares being used instead of gee-gees. You stake your money on the gamble that a certain share will rise in value within a given period, and the "options" bookie (Barnett) bets against you that it will fall. This is fine.

One doesn't often meet a man who is willing to take your money on a gamble, back against it himself, and—advise you all the time that you are on a good thing!

Put £2 into Barnett's "options pool" and in thirty days you are due to win £10. "Due" is good. Put in £80, and in the same way you win £400. Multiply this by a hundred and you make £40,000. And you win it all on the advice of the man who is backing against you!

But there is something else to think about. The truth is that Barnett is no philanthropist but merely a tricky trader. Another concern of his, called the Service Bureau, run from the same address in Fleet Street, recently dealt in employment-with-investment propositions which were extremely unsatisfactory.

He has lately introduced into his Standard Investment Company an interesting individual named E. Jacques. Jacques acts as "secretary" to this bogus concern, and signs most of the correspondence.

Jacques is an old hand in the game of making fortunes for people. But why Barnett and his friend Jacques should want to fling fortunes away they can keep for themselves is a mystery.

Our advice is—do not be caught by these self-styled philanthropists, who only want your money.

# The Bearded Beauty of Mayfair

*A WOMAN'S crowning glory is her hair—but NOT when it sprouts in tantalising tufts from chin and cheek! There is a proper place for everything, and woman's golden locks were never meant to hang down over her Adam's apple!*

THE cynics who smile at men with mutton-chop whiskers, and accuse them of wearing fungus on the face, are entitled to derive what fun they can out of their hoary and hairy jest.

But when a woman has the misfortune to grow whiskers it is rather more than a laughing matter. It is for her a tragedy. If you transcribe Tennyson's poem to airy, fairy Lilian into *hairy*, fairy Lilian, you see at once how the beauty disappears.

There are many women who suffer in this way. The bearded lady in the circus can make money out of her calamity. But the average member of her sex so afflicted hides her diminished head and goes through a lifelong agony of shame and suffering.

It is to women in this position that an appeal is made by Frederica Hudson, who runs a limited liability company, called Frederica Hudson, Ltd., which sells a secret preparation for removing superfluous hair.

Frederica is such a remarkable lady that she deserves a little tribute of applause. She is a swell. And with the courage of genuine and undiluted swelldom, she has had no hesitation in brandishing her pedigree before the eyes of the bearded ladies out of whom she gets the revenue which entitles her to coruscate in the brilliant circles of high society in which she condescends to move.

But when she is selling by post a two-guinea pot of paste at the reduced price of seventeen and sixpence, she shows all the art and cunning of a highly trained professional saleslady. "For four generations," she tells prospective customers, "my family have served our sovereign and country in military, naval and civil life."

Mrs. Hirsute Hudson goes on to say that one member of her family gained a Victoria Cross, and another the honour of knighthood. She does not mention their names, which is a pity. A picture of a gallant soldier winning the Victoria Cross would look rather nice on a pot of anti-hair paste. But Mrs. Hudson is to be all the more congratulated on her modesty.

And here is the tale she tells the simple and innocent-minded people whom she circularises from her distinguished offices at 9, Old Cavendish Street, Mayfair. It seems that her late dear husband was a surgeon-major in India, whither she accompanied him. The sad thing is that, in spite of her distinguished ancestry, she had a mannish moustache and horrid tufts of beard. And she went through all the agonies which a woman may be expected to undergo when she suspects that secretly people are comparing her appearance to that of a billygoat.

But in India she found that women did not suffer from the disfigurements of superfluous hair. It would be against their religion to tolerate such a disfigurement, and the hirsute Mrs. Hudson made it her business to find out what remedy the Indian women used. She failed.

Then her luck turned up trumps. Her kind and late dear husband was attending to a dying native soldier on the battlefield. The soldier was happily a Christian and, therefore, apparently did not mind giving away secrets that belonged to somebody else. In his dying moments he clasped his arms round the neck of the major, and whispered (apparently *apropos* of nothing in particular), the formula of the secret preparation whereby Indian women preserved the soft bloom and rounded cheeks that are as innocent of hair as the pink limbs of a new-born babe.

And since then Mrs. Hudson, being immune in Mayfair from the fear of religious consequences in India, has been selling this paste with earnest minded and double-handed zeal. Being a perfect lady she does not claim to know much about business. As a matter of fact, she knows a good deal.

Her company consists entirely of herself and one other woman, her former assistant, Ruby Gladys Collins, who acts as secretary, and lives at 1, Leinster Mansions, Finchley. Miss Collins appears to hold most of the shares. So if you want to know how businesslike a woman can be, in spite of disdaining in a naval and military family the common title of the mere business woman, you ought to wait for one of her follow-up circulars sent to people who have not fallen at the first shot for her seventeen and sixpenny pot of two-guinea paste.

It looks like a personally written letter in handscript, and it offers to send the whole treatment for ten and sixpence only. "You must send your letter to me personally," she writes, "so that it may not go through the books in the ordinary way." It seems rather a low-down dodge to play tricks like this on the books of her own company, and we grieve to see a woman doing it whose family has risen to such heights as a Victoria Cross and a knighthood.

But what we think much worse is that she does not keep her promise to return the money by special guarantee to dissatisfied customers. Many women have been stung in this respect, and they entertain very strong views on heroes and knights, sepoys and Indian earth paste, and also upon Mrs. Frederica Hudson, or, to give her the name which she uses in her high position of influence and social standing, Mrs. Margaret Hudson-Reid.

# A Black Spot in Arcady

IT has very truly been said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it is certain that one half of England will find it difficult to believe the awful conditions of life on a Devonshire farm related here.

Yet they are facts, sworn to on oath in a coroner's court, and we must credit the assertion of a medical witness that conditions of the same sort prevail in other rural homes in the district.

Harriet Norman, a young woman of twenty-six, lived with her parents in the dairy house on a farm near Clayhanger. A few months ago her mother died, leaving her to keep house for her father, the only other occupant of the place being a farm labourer.

A few weeks ago she fell ill, and a doctor was called at half-past one in the morning. He found that she was far advanced in labour, but he doubted whether the young woman herself knew it, and he was convinced that her father did not. No preparations whatever had been made for the arrival of a child.

A nurse who was called in found the woman lying on a bed, stone cold, with nothing on but a filthy chemise, covered by a single blanket. Her body was encrusted with dirt, apparently the accumulation of years, and her toe-nails were quite two inches long.

To describe this confinement would baffle the pen of a Zola. When the child was delivered, it proved to be still-born. It was washed and placed on a rickety cane chair, and immediately rats ran out of their holes and swarmed up to devour it.

The Rector of Clayhanger went in person to the master of the Tiverton workhouse, and handed him a letter from the doctor stating that the woman had been confined, and was unable to obtain proper care and attention at home. She was admitted to the infirmary, and died a few days after of puerperal fever.

At the inquest the astounding disclosure was made that Harriet Norman, who had obviously neglected the simplest elements of personal cleanliness for years, had not only done the ordinary work of the house, but fed the cattle and the poultry and the pigs, and *made the butter!*

According to her father, this poor, neglected creature, who seems never to have had a bath, sang in the choir for more than nine years, and there was evidence that whenever hounds were out she followed them, riding bareback on a pony.

If a novelist embodied such circumstances in one of his books, people would think he must be suffering from a diseased imagination.

Yet these are facts. What are the sanitary authorities doing?

# Secret Mormon Invasion

*HERE we reveal fresh plans of the Mormons for an invasion of our shores. Salt Lake City is longing for a sight of the beauty of English womanhood, and soft-tongued rascals are coming to lure our girls away to lives of——what?*

FOR years we have regarded it a public duty to reveal some of the inner workings of the Mormon Church. We have denounced it as a thing of hypocrisy and blasphemy, a doctrine so obnoxious that it could only be regarded as sensualism masqueraded as "religion."

Although our warnings have been ignored by the "Bishops" and "Elders" of Salt Lake City, many of whom have now made their homes in this country, they have frequently been followed by bitter sequels. Women lured out to Utah as girls, who contrived by surreptitious methods to escape from the revolting life they were compelled to lead there, have come back to England to unfold stories of suffering and anguish, of tragic disillusionment and horror.

One woman in particular, who spent many years in Utah, went to Scotland Yard when she got back to England. She told the police all she knew about Salt Lake City, described to them her awful realisation of the degrading life in Utah, and revealed stories of horror about the city to which she and thousands of other girl "converts" had been trapped.

When, some months ago, we laid bare the truth about the campaign being conducted at that time all over Great Britain by "Bishop" Savage, the President of the "Deseret," High Road, Tottenham (the Mormon headquarters in this country), we called upon the then Home Secretary, Mr. Shortt, to hold a full and impartial inquiry into our allegation.

Let us see how he did it. He invited "Bishop" Savage and some of his closer associates to the Home Office, where they sat in conclave discussing their "religion." What foolhardy but typical Home Office judgment! It was just like Mr. Shortt to imagine that "Bishop" Savage and his comrades would incriminate themselves.

Better had Mr. Shortt done his duty and examined the testimony of women who have come back here broken in soul and body. Better had he taken counsel with the heart-broken parents of girls lured to Utah who never write them a word, and about many of whom they can get no tidings, good or bad.

Better had he made it his business to find out what the hundreds and hundreds of young missionaries were doing in this country, suave, handsome, elegantly attired young fellows, roaming from village to village, town to town, converting young girls into the baffling intricacies of Mormonism.

But Mr. Shortt did nothing of the kind. He allowed the matter to flutter and die out, just as the moths in Salt Lake City flutter and die around its ever-burning flame.

And to-day, despite the unanswered horrors of the past, the "Elders" of Utah have decreed in their wisdom that their army of agents and disciples in Great Britain shall once again be reinforced. Young women are again badly needed in Utah. That is why a band of thoroughly mormonised Mormons have recently left Salt Lake City for this country. And we propose to tell our readers who they are.

Milton Cristensen (a noble name, indeed) is in charge of the party, which includes missionaries named Claude Wheeler, Robert Buhunan, Vernon Coggle, Daniel Hickman, Percy Hocks, Joseph Rees, Claude Thayne, and a woman named Zeppi.

It is their intention to "work" England and the Continent, organising their campaign in conjunction with their disciples and agents already here. They will tell the women of England that Salt Lake City, with its wonderful Temple surrounded by trees, its glorious climate, its proud position nearly five thousand feet above sea-level, its three hundred most beautiful streets in the world, has long since abandoned its multiplicity of wives, and is a centre of beauty and happiness untold.

But they will not offer any convincing proof of how contented the thousands of Englishwomen in Utah really are. They will take the bull by the horns, so to speak, and tell you smilingly that the best thing for you to do is to go there and see for yourselves, and then come back to England if you don't like it.

Many people in Tottenham would like to know what has become of Mrs. Collett, a widow who abandoned the Baptist faith, after her husband died, and joined the Mormons. They ask because she was not young, and because she was the mother of several little girls, who went out to Utah with her, and who would now be about twenty years of age.

Mrs. Collett left England, weeping a little at the thought of parting from her friends. But she promised to keep in touch with them to prove that all they said against Mormonism was false.

She kept her word and wrote—once. Her friends wrote again and again to Utah, but could get no news.

Until the authorities compel the Mormon "Bishops" and "Elders" to prove beyond the least doubt that Mormonism is not a religion of blasphemy and sensualism and hypocrisy, all decent-minded British citizens should let the Mormons know that we do not want them here, or the fresh campaign they are about to launch upon us.

# In Defence of His Lady

IT is generally considered a matter for commendation rather than condemnation that a boy in his adolescence should devote himself to learning "the noble art of self-defence."

Moreover, if such a lad, roused to anger by an insult offered to a girl, should employ whatever skill he has acquired in boxing in an attempt to administer the only kind of rebuke likely to be understood by cads capable of such conduct, he is but following the example of a gentleman of a century or so ago who would swiftly have unsheathed his sword to punish a scoundrel who had "spoken lightly of a woman's name."

So much, and no more, did William Wolterton, an eighteen-year-old lad living at Church Lane, Eaton, Norwich. As a result he found himself haled before the local Magistrates, who, to his bewilderment, stigmatised him as a vicious bully and sent him to prison for a month with hard labour.

Recently we addressed a candid communication to Mr. George Green, J.P., the Chairman of the Bench, expressing our opinion of his harsh decision, but we think our readers should be placed in possession of more of the circumstances surrounding this miscarriage of justice.

The lad Wolterton is employed by the Norwich Co-operative Society, with whom he bears an excellent character, and far from being regarded by his neighbours as "a vicious bully," he has the reputation of being of a quiet disposition.

On the occasion in question he was riding on a tramcar with his sweetheart when objectionable remarks were made by a party of young larrikins from Cringleford. Burning with indignation and resentment, Wolterton was nothing loth to enter the lists and do battle for honour when he alighted from the car, and in a stand-up fight which followed he received almost as good as he gave, sustaining a severe blow under the eye which necessitated his wearing a shade.

When he appeared in Court, he was nonplussed to find that the complainants were legally represented, while he stood alone. He considered that he had acted in self-defence, and mistakenly pleaded guilty. In his bewilderment at the course the proceedings were taking, he even omitted to mention that he had witnesses for his defence waiting outside and they were never called.

In consequence the question of self-defence was never considered, and the lad, for a first offence, was condemned to spend his Christmas holidays in prison.

These facts have been embodied in a petition to the Home Secretary, headed by the Rev. H. Webster, Vicar of Eaton, W. C. Chaplin, G. H. Brown, T. D. Copeman, and other prominent residents.

We may confidently add the names of all readers of JOHN BULL.

# Million Dollar Foxes

THERE are certain mysterious activities at Yeoman House, Haymarket, S.W., on which we think enlightenment is desirable.

From that address letters are sent out embossed with the coat of arms of the Executive Council of Prince Edward Island and signed "For the Government of Prince Edward Island" by Andrew Fraser Mitchell, whose name appears in the heading as "Representative."

A few months ago an officer who had recently retired from the Army with a large bonus received one of these apparently official communications extolling to the skies the unrivalled advantages of Prince Edward Island as a place of settlement for ex-officers. A glowing picture was painted of the profits to be made in black and silver fox fur farming, and an investment in this alleged very remunerative industry was strongly recommended.

The ex-officer to whom the letter was addressed showed it to his father, who happened to be a shareholder in Silver Foxes and Furs, Ltd. (F. R. Heartz, President; W. K. Rogers, Secretary), of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. He had held these shares since 1914, but no dividends had been paid, and though he had been advised annually until Christmas, 1922, at that date no balance-sheet was forthcoming, and applications to the Secretary had not even been acknowledged.

Knowing also of another silver fox company which had paid no dividend for many years, he wrote to the Representative of the Government of Prince Edward Island placing these facts before him, and pointing out that either his glowing account of the prosperity of the industry was misleading, or the fruits of that prosperity were being wrongfully withheld from the shareholders.

He received a reply, again signed "For the Government of Prince Edward Island," but this time by P. S. Fraser, stating that Mr. Mitchell was in Canada, where he would be communicated with, and declaring that the "annual output is estimated at more than two million dollars."

In October he received a personal letter from A. F. Mitchell, stating that the correspondence forwarded to him had missed connections, and that although he knew W. K. Rogers, the Secretary of Silver Foxes and Furs, Ltd., personally, the matter would have to rest until he again visited Canada.

Since then, silence, so far as the Representative of the Government of Prince Edward Island is concerned.

Meanwhile, the Secretary of the Silver Fox Breeders' Association was applied to for information, and asserted that very few companies were paying much dividend.

Since there is obviously room for the inference that the letters sent out from Yeoman House may induce ex-officers to invest money in a precarious industry, some official explanation would be welcome.

# Love Laughs at the Law

TO be caught in the toils of the Law is bad enough; to be caught in the toils of the Law and in the toils of Love at the same time must be exquisite torture. And Minnie Jackson was stretched on the rack at Westminster Police Court enduring the pains of such torture.

Her particular crime was the crime of loving too well. And the fruits of such generous affection were Dorothy and Douglas; little twins.

There she stood, pitiably thin, her delicate white fingers nervously tapping the rail, while the dark circles under the eyes and the distraught expression on the face told, in terms of dramatic eloquence, their tale of anxious nights and gloomy days.

For over a year she had been living with a man, Harold ——, who was the father of the twins. And not even his arrest shattered her implicit faith in him.

She had an excellent character as a domestic servant—Detective Martin stated that she was a good working-girl, whom he had known for some years. Then she had met the man, Harold, while walking in the park.

In her extremity at being left alone in the world on the arrest of her "man," she wrapped the twins up warmly one morning and left them on the doorstep of the Roman Catholic Convent in Carlisle Place. For this she was arrested.

A mournful piquancy was lent to the case by the fact that at that very moment, a mile away, her "man" also stood in the dock facing *his* charge. Not that she questioned his innocence.

No! Nothing could shake her faith in the man she trusted with her affections. Her love transcended her immediate surroundings and circumstances. This frail, white-faced girl-mother in the dock looked not so much a sinning sister as a woman transformed and transfigured by the dignity of great love.

"He has treated other women in exactly the same fashion" the magistrate told her. But she shook her head —"*I don't believe it.*"

Detective Martin stated that there were similar cases against the man dating many years back. Again the head shake and the sullen mutter: "*I don't believe it.*"

"You have allied yourself with a scoundrel and seem quite infatuated," was the magistrate's almost reproachful remark.

Behind the superficial tragedy gleamed the roseate colours of romance. Whether her "man" was a scoundrel or not does not matter—to her he is the Don Juan of her heart. Prison bars nor magistrate nor police can separate her affections from the man she loves. So far as she is concerned the law is childishly futile. Love that laughs at locksmiths also laughs at lawyers.

Cynics would tell her that her day of disillusionment will come. She would shake her head.

# A Paradise of Schemers

*ONE of the paradoxes of our Company Law is that limited companies are allowed to have unlimited nerve. And "nerve" is a word that can stand for several things. In this story it means sheer audacity.*

THE concern we propose to deal with in this article is called Messrs. Comyns, Ltd., and is housed at 240, High Holborn. It is described on swagger notepaper as "Stock and Share dealers." There is nothing particularly suspicious in that. But "Messrs. Comyns" is, to start the story, just a name. There is no one named Comyns connected with Messrs. Comyns, Ltd. That is what put us on the scent.

Comyns, Ltd. is a private company which was originally formed for purposes entirely alien to the business of "Stock and Share dealing." It drifted, so to speak, into "Comyns, Ltd." in the same deplorable manner by which hundreds of other doomed and dormant companies have been permitted to drift into the clutches of undesirable traders, who operate with impunity under the comforting cloak of our present company law. Anyone can metamorphose, or transform, a limited company nowadays with little or no difficulty, so perfect is our legislation on such matters.

Mr. Alan Hockley, of 4, Gladnoll Road, Huddersfield, and Miss Charlotte Beard, of 36, Durham Road, Manor Park, appeared until recently on the register as the two directors of Comyns, Ltd. Hockley described himself as a "sales manager," while Miss Beard blossomed forth as a "spinster," which seemed to be her only recorded "occupation."

"Comyns, Ltd," understand the art of how to make shoals and shoals of money. The magnificent part about it is that they do not wish to make it for themselves.

It is their great aim in life to make money for others, and the happiness it gives them to know that you are rolling in filthy lucre through their good offices is all the reward they want. And they do not stint anything. Their notepaper is expensively produced, and in order that no one shall miss the great opportunity they are putting forward to the world, they send their seductively phrased circulars to all and sundry.

Mr. John H. Campbell, of 4, Markham Street, Blackburn, has made an awful lot of money out of Comyns, Ltd. They got in touch with him unsolicited. He was impressed by their impressive ways, and was induced to purchase for £10 some railway stock, which they predicted would make 100 per cent. profit within a certain period. The prediction came true. But the awkward part is that the money didn't come. Instead a letter arrived from "Yours faithfully, Comyns, Ltd." which told Mr. Campbell that he had made a profit of £7 10s., and that if he was good enough to send a further £2 10s., making £20 in all, they would put him on a real good thing and soon make his £20 into £40.

Again Mr. Campbell fell for this generosity. Again a letter came informing him that £31 was due to him. He wrote for it. But he can't get it. All the satisfaction he can get, as the months drag on, is that the money will be sent "soon." He can now see the red light. "I trusted the firm because it is a limited company," he says. That's where the rub comes in.

Take another case, that of a Hampshire gentleman who does not want to see his name in print, because his wife "does not know anything about it, and I would much rather she did not." Six months ago Comyns, Ltd., got in touch with him and predicted for him a fortune. He fell for "High Holborn" and the grandiose note-heading of "Comyns, Ltd." He invested a substantial sum in the concern. His money has all gone except £11 12s. 6d., which the firm admit owing him. But they do not send his money. He has been asking for it since last August.

Then there is the case of a lady who was induced to invest £10 on the promise of a fortune in the offing. In due course she became entitled to the sum of £50 plus the return of her £10. She did not get it. All she got were letters informing her that her cheque would be "expedited."

One man in poor circumstances asks us whether it would be any use going to court to get justice. It would not. Comyns, Ltd would probably plead the Gaming Act.

These individuals who pretend to make profits for poor people, to whom they specially appeal, are schemers who avoid their obligations, and remain, as far as their dupes know, in the background. Miss Beard, according to the last return, rendered to Somerset House on November 28th, 1923, has resigned her position as Director. The only remaining director now appears to be Mr. Hockley.

It is a scandal that a company of this kind—and there are thousands of them—can impose with impunity on the unsuspecting and the unwary who are induced to part with their money on dishonest predictions, and because the company is "limited," and run from an important address.

We say it is high time that the Board of Trade woke up to the fact that new laws are necessary, and must be made if sharks and schemers are to be prevented from robbing those who do not understand the present appalling state of the company law.

# Slow and Slower Still

DRUMLITHIE, Kincardineshire, is only a little village of a couple of hundred souls, but the march of science has brought it within easy reach by radio of Aberdeen, where there is a wireless broadcasting station.

Among the residents in this secluded spot was one who, finding things rather slow in the evenings, desired to get into closer touch with the rest of the great big world, and became enamoured with the idea of installing a receiving set.

Being of a thrifty nature, and possessing some mechanical knowledge, he thought he might save a little money and at the same time have the satisfaction of something attempted, something done, if he assembled his own apparatus.

He therefore applied to a firm called "K.E. Wireless Service," who describe themselves as "Members of the British Broadcasting Company," and have premises at 10 Glenview Road, Lewisham, S.E., for a quotation of their prices for parts to construct a crystal receiver.

"K. E. Wireless Service," a trading name which apparently covers the identity of an individual named G. A. Exeter, supplied the quotation, and our Scottish villager sent an order for the parts he required, with £2 14s. 10d. in payment.

But if Drumlithie was slow, "K.E. Wireless Service" was slower still. Some time elapsed without his hearing from them, and after writing again, all he received was a part of the goods he had ordered, with a letter apologising for the delay, which was put down to the August holidays.

After waiting in vain for the completion of his order, he wrote to us. We communicated with "K.E. Wireless Service," and towards the end of September received their reply, in which, apart from a reference to some uncertainty as to whether the parts should be stamped with the B.B.C. seal at a further cost of 7s. 6d. the only explanation offered was their resentment of the vehemence of the Scotman's protest against their dilatoriness.

They however expressed their willingness either to forward the remainder of the goods or to refund the money.

They were promptly acquainted with our reader's desire for the return of his money, but a month later he had not received it. We wrote to the firm again, and another month passed in silence. At the end of November we made a further attempt to galvanise "K.E. Wireless" into action, without success.

Drumlithie is not so slow now for a receiving set has been obtained from another firm, but it is shameful that "K. E. Wireless" should retain a customer's money in this fashion.

# GIVE A MAN A CHANCE

## by SIR JOHN JAMES BADDELEY (*Lord Mayor of London*, 1921-1922)

***THERE is a broad arrow that points nowhere. It is the arrow on the convict's dress. The man who falls from the straight path and makes the acquaintance of our prison system, has looked into a future drab with despair. What he needs most is a real friend, says the writer of this article, who advocates the giving of a second chance, and touches on many aspects of our Probation System.***

MY gospel for the times is the Gospel of the Second Chance. When a lad starts out in life there is hidden away within the wells of his character some hall-marked good. True justice seeks out that good, and develops it. Crime will be considerably lessened if youths and girls are encouraged to find the best that is within them and nurture it.

Because this is the function of the Probation System I wholeheartedly support it in its present state, and am a strong advocate for its extension. For I believe that the reformation of character is the outcome of moral and mental agencies, rather than physical.

In the Probation System is a pronounced element of intimately personal contact, the absence of which in the ticket-of-leave system constitutes its greatest weakness. To my mind, the policy of letting a prisoner loose, without doing something practical to help and guide him, is of very little use.

TAKE a typical case: A young fellow, just turned nineteen, is released from Parkhurst, after serving a period of imprisonment for theft. During that time he has been visited by various good-minded people who have persuaded him that the straight and narrow pathway is the only safe avenue through life.

He steps through the prison gates with a new-found peace in his heart—the quiet, settled state of mind that results from a decision to do the right. For him the past lies behind the gates that have just clanged their hopeless message to the ears of his late comrades in distress.

Six months later finds him a moral wreck; he becomes the tomb of his own dead ambitions. The act of reporting to the police, and feeling the gimlet eye of the law on him, demoralised him—he was unable to erase the stigma of the jail from his life.

With his self-respect destroyed, no work and no hope, he fell away from the ennobled aspirations that filled him on release, and before long he was before me again and is now on the way to becoming an habitual jail-bird.

THE ticket-of-leave system is fatuously futile unless accompanied by one essential principle of the probation policy, *i.e.*, unless the discharged youth is advised and assisted by someone who can sympathise because he can understand. There should be a "prisoner's friend" in every district. When a young fellow is released from his first term of imprisonment he should be introduced to a probation officer—*a civilian, not a uniformed policeman*—and this should be compulsory.

It must not be forgotten that even a prisoner is a man, and a man with a soul, capable of deep emotions and *capable of better things.*

"When I left prison last time," a young fellow told a probation officer, "I would have gone straight if only I could have found a pal in whom I could have confided."

IF these young men (some of them merely lads) could only open their hearts, tell those fine things that they keep hidden away in the secret recesses of their thoughts, tell their worries and their troubles, they would feel that they had got hold of someone who could understand and sympathise. But this they cannot find under the ticket-of-leave system.

I cannot state how far this system has succeeded in curing criminals, but I certainly can say that the Probation System has saved the country thousands of pounds and reformed hundreds of young people who might otherwise have been launched early in life on a career of crime.

SPEAKING from my experience as a past Lord Mayor of the City of London, and with a lengthy magisterial record, I can state that at least 85 per cent. of the prisoners who have been "bound over"—put on probation—have never come back a second time.

When I was originally appointed, I studied the records and found that nearly every regular criminal was, when young, sent to jail for the first offence.

An old lady called on me once to plead for her sixteen-year-old son. With trembling hands she tried to brush the big tears away as she told me that it was his first offence. "He is not bad at heart, sir. He's learned his lesson and will never do such a thing again." And then she told me that she dreaded his becoming a depraved character like a certain man who lived in the same street—"but even *he* wouldn't have gone to the bad if he hadn't been sent to prison for his first offence," she explained.

Her son was placed on probation, and one of the encouragements of my position is the fact that he distinguished himself very highly by his bravery in the late war.

JUST think of the true reformatory work of the Probation System—out of every 100 prisoners placed on probation, 85 never repeat their first offence. In the old days a man went to jail for three months; had a room to himself; good, regular food and clean environments. He assured himself that "This is not so bad after all." In some cases, it was much better than the "comforts of home." As he did not experience the deadly dull horror of a long term, prison lost its terror.

So he came out without any fear of the prison bars but, at the same time, with the mark of the jail imprinted on him. Employers wouldn't give him work, and even if they did not many men would consent to work with him, for the respectable working man, whose sole capital is his character, has a horror of associating with jail birds.

Despair seized his heart with an icy grip. Prison was better than

SIR JOHN BADDELEY

liberty to him. And a few weeks later found him grasping the rail of the dock again.

SHORT sentences are mistaken leniency. If a wrong-doer deserves prison at all, give him the full term; but, if possible, keep him out!

Directly as a result of the Probation System there has been a permanent decrease in crime of 25 to 30 per cent. So noticeably has the Probation System justified itself that I would like to see the scope of its operations extended. In the meantime it is to be hoped that no magistrate will hesitate to take full advantage of the opportunities provided for giving youthful offenders another chance.

Can I ever forget a recent scene that took place in Derby? In itself it is enough to convert every magistrate and judge to the Probation System.

Arthur Wemyss Grant, an ex-convict, was in the dock charged with the offence of failing to notify his change of address—he was a ticket-of-leave man, and as such was compelled to acquaint the police of any removal.

In Court Grant made a passionate appeal: "I am homeless, friendless and useless. I tried to commit suicide at Parkhurst because I had no prospects when I was released. The doctors pulled me round—I am not allowed to live or die."

GOD help the man! The chances are that he will carry the imprint, the broad arrow, not only on his clothes but on his personality, through all the years of his future. I am left wondering whether he might have become an honest man and a true citizen if, for his first offence, he had been placed on probation.

In the majority of cases these lads and girls err for some abnormal reason. The Probation System is the magistrate's opportunity for guiding these offenders back into the pathway of righteousness. To send them to jail is merely to harden their minds, embitter their spirits and force them to be rebels against law and order and properly constituted authority and society.

Criticism naturally waits on all our existing institutions. So no one ought to express any surprise at the fact that the judicial system, like the penal system and the economic and the social systems, is being subjected to healthy, and, I hope, constructive criticism.

BUT my main contention is that, in so many instances, it is not so much the system as those who operate it that inspires the criticism. I am inclined to the view that, to a certain extent, the right people can make a bad system work well, while the best system in the world can easily be spoiled by unimaginative and unsympathetic operatives.

And so, perhaps, it is well to sound the note of warning and urge these critics of the judicial system to satisfy themselves whether it is the system or the demonstration of the system that is at fault. What is needed throughout *all* the departments of human endeavour is the humanising influence that can only come as a result of an adequate conception of the intrinsic value of the soul of all men.

WE must go back to our (what is called) old-fashioned standards of morality. Men must let their *souls* have a chance. The inner conception of Right and Wrong should be appreciated and followed. We have a tendency to lose our beliefs—the sacred heritage handed down by our forebears. I have little hope for a lad when he drifts away from the sheet-anchor of a good conscience.

# Candid Communications

## (Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., Prime Minister.**

DEAR PREMIER,—According to the summary of the King's Speech with which I have been supplied, you are putting into His Majesty's mouth the pious utterance that "Parliament will be asked to give authority for the making of provision for more houses." The effect of this empty talk is to make the King's Speech a farce. You should be the first person to know that the necessity for more houses is not a 1924 growth. It has been a pressing problem for years, and now, after months of "tranquillity," you decide that it wouldn't be a bad idea to talk of more houses. Dear me! JOHN BULL.

**To TIM HEALY, Esq., K.C., Governor-General, Irish Free State.**

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—Those who know you best have the greatest hopes for the wisdom of your administration as Governor-General of the Irish Free State. But your latest act will not confirm those hopes. Patrick Aylward had been sentenced to death for the dastardly crime of murdering an eighteen-month-old infant by burning him on a fire. And now you have exerted your prerogative to reprieve this beast. It would not be a bad idea to invert Portia's appeal and temper mercy with justice. JOHN BULL.

**To Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Minister of Health.**

SIR,—Some bright spark has coolly suggested that doctors' fees might well be increased at the expense of the insured people, and I am bringing the matter to your notice so that you can quash it before it is allowed to play too much on the doctors' imaginations. Most people think that the medical men are pretty well off at the present moment, and you can take it from me that the patients will not hear of any increase. Already parliamentary opposition is being organised. What would better suit the public fancy is proper punishment to the doctors who have been reported for neglecting their duties. What do *you* think? JOHN BULL.

**To M. POINCARE, Prime Minister of France.**

MONSIEUR,—You were kind enough to address the great British public by wireless, and on their behalf I thank you for your well-chosen message and generous good wishes. From your message I have gathered the impression that you wish to see the people of this country prosper. May I remind you that our million unemployed men and women are in that wretched condition as a result of your policy in the Ruhr. We would like to see your words given the very tangible backing of deeds. The prosperity you wish our people they will obtain if you take a more reasonable attitude towards the international question of Peace. JOHN BULL.

**To Sir STEWART STOCKMAN, M.R.C.V.S., Ministry of Agriculture.**

SIR,—The old tag about locking the stable door after the horse has bolted might well be applied to your conference with the farmers regarding the desirability of abandoning the policy of wholesale slaughter and trying to find a remedy for foot and mouth disease. After over £1,500,000 of public money has been paid in compensation for destroyed animals, you begin to realise the futility of your efforts. And all the time you could have been testing, instead of pooh-poohing, the hundreds of remedies that have been suggested. For heaven's sake, sit up and take notice! JOHN BULL.

**To the CHIEF CONSTABLE, Leamington.**

SIR,—You appear to have some very sound views, and as this is a rarity among gentlemen of your position, I heartily congratulate you. Instead of opposing an application for extension of licence for local public-houses on New Year's Eve, you told the magistrates that you were in favour of it because it did away with secret drinking. If only all Chief Constables had such sanity and if only all magistrates had the sound common-sense as those of Leamington, social life would be much sweeter. JOHN BULL.

THE NEW DANIEL

**To Field-Marshal LORD METHUEN, G.C.B., Constable, Tower of London.**

MY LORD,—What is this I hear about the Warders of the Tower of London, familiarly known as "The Beefeaters"? In the interests of "economy" it is proposed to convert them into ordinary policemen, doing away with the civilian constables. Many of them have served through two or three campaigns, and the British public will not agree with a change which will rob the Beefeaters" of their distinctive fifteenth-century dignity. JOHN BULL.

**To President COOLIDGE, United States of America.**

SIR,—I am addressing you in connection with the scandalous treatment meted out to a respected British journalist, Mrs. Stan Hardin[illegible]. When in Russia during the war on professional work she was arrested, condemned to death, and then subjected to solitary confinement under atrocious conditions as the result of a baseless accusation of espionage made against her by an admitted agent of the American Military Intelligence Department. Many people here think that the American Government should make Mrs. Harding some adequate reparation. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P., Home Secretary.**

SIR,—When are we going to have an end to this sorry lottery farce? All over the country people enter various competitions and discover at the last moment that the authorities have stepped in and stopped the proceedings. The latest instance is that of the Reading Football Competition, in which prizes amounting to £3,000 were to have been given. A considerable sum was to have gone to the Royal Berkshire Hospital. Now it is all off. Can't you give some definite pronouncement on this business, or go the whole hog and make lotteries legal?—JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES, British Ambassador to the U.S.A.**

SIR,—The publication of your last report on Ellis Island, with its stern indictment of the American immigration policy, was not without effect. But much has yet to be done apparently before the ideas of the Yankees come into line with those of the other civilised countries. We were shocked recently to learn of the death of a British mother on this island of doom, and we look to you to press for reform on your return to the United States. As Britain's voice, make yourself heard. JOHN BULL.

**To SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, K.B.E., 32, Ladbroke Square, London, W.**

DEAR SCIENTIST,—I feel constrained to ask what is the use of your series of lectures to children at the Royal Institution on such subjects as the atomic theory. The well-fed youngsters who watch your illustrative experiments and regard you as a sort of magician will not learn how to become useful citizens or to contribute to the sum of human happiness from the confused impressions which they carry away with them, or give one extra thought to the ragged urchins they pass on their way home. Perhaps you can impress on them not to neglect their hearts in developing their heads. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. H. C. STOKES, Sandown (I.O.W.).**

SIR,—I like your style. You are built on true John Bull lines. Returning from evening service, you saw that the manor house was in flames, and believing that "faith without works is dead," you obtained an axe and led your wardens and choristers to the rescue and put out the flames. Where others would merely pray you got busy. And I like you for it. It is clerics like you that save the Church. JOHN BULL.

*Without Fear or Favour*

# GREAT *DAILY MAIL* PLOT

## The Dawn is Here

WITH the beginning of the New Year there is a heartening note of optimism creeping into the views of the big leaders of industry. One and all they see the clouds of depression lifting from British trade. One and all they are prophesying the beginning of the revival that has been so long expected, and so long delayed. From cotton to shipping, from jute to hosiery, the tale is the same. There is an atmosphere of optimism over them all.

We have long ago ceased to place any reliance on the politicians. The politician has always the best of reasons for doing nothing and for leaving things well alone. Whatever he does he is bound to cause trouble for someone. That is why he prefers talk to action. It is when the big men of industry talk in an optimistic vein that we begin to be impressed.

These are the men with the capital who, when they see openings, have the power to set the wheels of trade revolving all over the world. When men of the commercial standing of Sir William Don, Sir Edward Rhodes, Sir Samuel Instone and Sir George Hunter allow a ringing note of optimism to sound in their public utterances, we have no hesitation in telling our readers to forget the politicians and to pin their faith to the judgment of such men.

There is some justification for a spirit of optimism. The darkest hour before the dawn is passing. Let everyone pull together!

## Tricking the Law

WE are heartily in agreement with the British Association of Commerce in its demands for tightening up the bankruptcy laws. At present the dishonest man uses Carey Street as the honest man uses his banking account. Instead of discharging his liabilities, he invokes the Bankruptcy Act and evades them.

The law as now constituted encourages trickery. All the methods of hoodwinking the Registrar are misdemeanours only if they occur within six months of the filing of the petition. Property which a man makes over to his wife cannot, in many cases, be touched.

For income tax purposes man and wife are one. Is it just that for bankruptcy purposes they should be two?

Aliens visit this country periodically, take our money, shuffle through the Bankruptcy Court and disappear with the spoils. The net must be widened to catch them.

The bankruptcy laws ought to act as a deterrent, not as an encouragement to dishonesty and reckless optimism in the handling of other people's money.

## The Bogey of a Revolution

***LORD ROTHERMERE has made the "Daily Mail" the scorn of honest men. His inconsistencies and subterranean schemes have given life to a section of Labour that was formerly powerless.***

LORD ROTHERMERE will not take "No!" for an answer. Politicians and people alike have rejected his claims to dictate the destinies of the nation. It leaves him unmoved.

The Lord of the Press Gang cannot believe that the British people refuse to take his amazing journalistic acrobatics seriously. The *Daily Mail* has never been famed for either consistency or political vision. But there was a time when, having launched a "stunt," it at least ran it to its logical conclusion.

All that has been changed. The *Daily Mail* has thrown overboard both principles and policy. It is drifting like a leaf blown by the wind.

It is a touching sight to see the main organ of this Peer so suddenly concerned for the welfare of the Liberal Party. Mr. Asquith must indeed be pleased by the tender solicitude Lord Rothermere has suddenly displayed on his behalf.

No doubt his pleasure is tempered by suspicion when he recalls the venom with which Mr. Baldwin was pursued for his crime of ignoring the orders issued to him daily from Carmelite House.

BUT Lord Rothermere cannot even be consistent in his adulation of Mr. Asquith's wisdom. The man whom the *Daily Mail* hounded from office during the war on a trumped-up charge of starving the troops of ammunition, is hailed now as the potential saviour of his country from the red ruin of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

He is fawned on with all the exaggerated flattery the *Daily Mail* can command. If he will only toe the line and take his orders from the Press Gang, Lord Rothermere will allow him to be Prime Minister.

Mr. Asquith says bluntly that he will not enter into any Coalition whatever.

THE *Daily Mail* suddenly discovers that it has overrated Mr. Asquith's political wisdom. It accuses him of speaking "haughtily": it pities him for being "profoundly mistaken." It darkly hints at a repetition of the vendetta of earlier days if he dares to ignore its commands and "use the votes he commands in Parliament to instal in the seat of Pitt and Peel a group of Revolutionary Socialists."

It is when it accuses Mr. Asquith of being prepared to ignore the Constitution in his efforts to hold the Liberal Party together that the boot is on the other foot.

It is Lord Rothermere and his Inky Monster who are deliberately ignoring the Constitution, who are deliberately flouting the electorate in their endeavours to kill a Revolutionary Bogey that exists only in their perverted imagination.

The electorate gave no Party a clear mandate. Whoever takes office does so on sufferance. At the first sign of ill-advised legislation the Government can be turned out with ease.

IT is clear to others, if not to Lord Rothermere and his jackal press, that this frantic and dishonourable plot to stultify the political success of the Labour Party is the most potent factor in giving life to a revolutionary bogey that the Labour Party have themselves killed.

Criticism is a function that the Press rightly owns and proudly safeguards. It is when the Press seeks to usurp the functions of Parliament that we take our stand against such a dangerous policy.

## Our New Year Gift

THE past year has more than justified our faith in its smooth and satisfactory working of our Free Insurance Gift. The tradition of fair dealing and personal contact with our readers that has been built up has proved its soundness.

It is with no small amount of pleasure that we offer as a New Year's Gift to our readers an insurance wider in scope than ever.

Our scheme has been so sound and practical that only in one instance has it been possible to make any improvement. We refer to the benefits covering material damage, to which readers over seventy years of age are now entitled.

During 1923 alone we paid 8,783 benefits. The evidence these figures contain of the real help and comfort our scheme is, and has been, to thousands of our readers, is proof that the even wider scheme of 1924 will be welcomed by many thousands more.

In order to qualify for the benefits under our new scheme there is no need to re-register, unless in the meantime you have changed either your newsagent or your home address.

To those who have not yet registered, we would say "Consider what we offer you: A paper, the finest value for 2d. in the world, and a free gift worth at least twenty-five shillings per annum."

We look back on the working and results of our 1923 scheme with pride and satisfaction. We look forward confidently to the scheme we offer you for 1924 in the belief that it will prove of even more value.

## Justice Defiled

IT is claimed that our judicial system sets a standard of justice the world over; that in a British Court everyone is on a level footing. In theory this is so: actually a defendant has a distinct bias in his disfavour.

In many of the minor cases where defendants are proceeded against by the police it is merely one man's word against another. But, whereas defendants have to produce independent witnesses to corroborate their statements, the policeman's word is accepted without confirmation; defendants have to prove innocence instead of the police proving their guilt.

Should a man be innocent, he can be remanded in custody repeatedly for a period extending into months—another bias in the favour of the police. The remand enables them to collect evidence to establish guilt. Under lock and key the man himself is handicapped in collecting evidence to prove his innocence.

Obvious reforms in our magisterial system are terribly belated.

# The Next Enemy to Fight

## by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

*(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)*

***THE best thing we can do just now is to forget Downing Street, says our contributor. Let each of us be guided by the "something splendidly British" in our nature, and we shall survive the test of the coming years, terrible as that test may be.***

*Mr. T. A. R. Cairns, magistrate of the Thames Police Court, who says our little slum children have the real British spirit.*

FOR millions of human beings in this nation life is a state of very ugly, sordid, and most destructive penury. The coming of this or that right honourable gentleman to a palace in Whitehall will not make a farthing's worth of difference to these poor millions of people. They will continue to stew in their bitter wretchedness. They will continue to struggle for decency and virtue against overwhelming odds. No change of Government can help them. They are the victims of the most cruel trade in the country.

The magistrate of the Thames Police Court, a clear-headed and kind-hearted man as any in London, tells us that "it is impossible to exaggerate the horrors of overcrowding." Say what you will about them, and you will fall short of the actual misery. Their horrors are continuous.

THEY do not lift for a moment. They are not an occasional shower, but a perpetual drizzle. By day and by night they press upon the lives of human beings —millions of human beings. They eat into the sturdy cheerfulness of men, they drive hopeless women to drunkenness, they deprave the minds of children who never really know innocence. Who would be responsible for horrors such as these, unbroken horrors which destroy bodies and souls in an uncountable host?

I ask the men of the building trade whether they have ever seriously faced up to their responsibility in this matter? I ask bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers and plumbers whether they realise how their trade regulations are pressing by day and by night on the lives of women and children?

Let them consider how they stand. It is in their power to bring hope and comfort to millions of people. Far more easily than any statesman in Whitehall, they can make an end of the greatest tragedy in modern Britain. They are not the slaves but the masters of their trade union officials. Let them say, "We are determined to put an end to overcrowding, and to solve the housing problem of the working classes," and neither the tyranny of the unions nor the greed of the building rings could stop them.

THAT rings are holding up materials there is at least some doubt; but that men of the building trade are not working as their fathers worked there is no doubt at all. The men themselves admit it. It is their policy.

I ask these men to look at their responsibility in this light: it is in their power to give the finest and bravest people in the country a chance to do their best.

Mr. Cairns, the magistrate, very often has the children of the slums before him charged with various misdemeanours. What does he think of them? Does he tell us that they are the spawn of a C3 population, that they are parasitical degenerates preying on the vitality of the nation? No; that is how people who have never seen them speak of the slums. That is how political philosophers speak of "the dregs of democracy." Listen to Mr. Cairns on the subject of juvenile criminals:

"There is something splendidly British in those little lads gathered out of the back streets and alleys. Some are tearful, but most of them fight back the tears and prepare themselves to face any issue rather than raise the white flag."

WHO can read these simple words without a deep stirring of the heart and a sharp stab of conscience? Most of them fight back the tears. These little criminals, our fellow countrymen, have learned one British lesson at least in their overcrowded homes and their foul slums; they will face up to any terror, any punishment, any dread of the unknown, rather than raise the white flag. Ask the officers who fought in France whether they commanded braver or more cheerful troops than those which came to the Colours from the back streets and alleys of London.

These children deserve a chance. Whether we think of them as little British animals or as potential angels of God, they deserve a chance to be their best. If we put out of our minds all thought of their value to the universe, we must still see that they are of inestimable value to us. In our own self-interest we should deliver them from the darkness and misery of their present lot, and set them in a place where they can see the sun, breathe pure air, and feel that life is a good and noble thing—a thing which encourages them to be splendidly British.

But how are we to do this? I wanted to build a workman's house the other day and found that the price was still utterly prohibitive. Yesterday I asked a waiter in a London hotel what he paid for his house in Shoreditch—two bedrooms and a sitting-room—and he told me the rent was £1 2s. 6d. a week. How can we escape from slums if the men of the building trade refuse to build cheap houses, and practise all those wicked and selfish tricks which they themselves are the first to condemn in rings and combines?

Here is a matter which should teach democracy a great lesson in political realism. No Government can help us in things which touch our lives closely. Our remedies are in our own hands. If we want houses for the poor we must build cheaply. If we want to lower the cost of living we must produce more. If we want to be a happy and prosperous nation we must work our hardest and our best—not our slowest and our worst.

THE most useful thing we can do just now is to forget Downing Street altogether. Let each man in the nation be guided in all his acts and deeds by that "something splendidly British" in his nature, which he shares with the slum child, and we shall survive the test of the next five or ten years, terrible as that test may be. We are false, all of us, to that "something splendidly British" in our nature when we surrender our sense of individual moral responsibility into the hands of a church, a party, or a union, and when we demand of politicians to do for us those things which so obviously we alone can do for them as well as for ourselves.

There is a revival for which I look eagerly and impatiently. It is a revival of the independence of the working man. That, too, was something "splendidly British."

***The sufferers most cruelly hit by the war are British workpeople and their wives and children.***

# Britain Bu

*Sir John Bradbury, our representative on the Reparations Commission.*

JOHN BULL is the figure-head of a nation which has been described by the Prime Minister of an allied country as mercenary and sordidly commercial. The proof of his mercenary and sordid character is that he borrowed money to lend to a friend in distress, nearly starved himself in order to repay the loan, and then ventured to hint a hope that his friend would seek some way to reimburse him.

But the friend, who was paying off debts to comparative strangers, and actually lending money to other people, coldly told John that it was extremely inconsiderate and indelicate of him to allude to the matter, and that it would seriously cripple their friendship if he ever mentioned it again. Thereupon John Bull tightened his belt, and pathetically tried to look as if he liked it.

But—descending to blunt literalness—John Bull's amiable complaisance has about reached the limit. On the eve of the recent season of good will and peace, Britain remitted to America a useful Christmas box of some twenty-three million pounds on account of the thousand millions which we borrowed. At the same time the French Finance Minister, whose country owes us five hundred and eighty-four millions, proudly boasted that France had honourably paid off all her indebtedness to—not the mercenary and sordid nation which nearly ruined itself to help France in her agony, but to Switzerland and to Spain! Furthermore, we are informed that in addition to the five billions which France is to advance to Poland and other countries for the purchase of French-made munitions, she is also proposing to pay Roumania a thousand million francs on the security of an oil concession.

When I mildly point out to my Paris friends in respect to these curious facts, that it was neither the Swiss navy nor the Spanish army which rushed to the aid of stricken France in 1914, I am politely answered that England was just as vitally threatened by German ambition as France, that America acknowledged her share in the

# Ramsay MacDonald's Chance

## by A. G. GARDINER

***IT is not in support of Labour that Mr. Gardiner writes this article, but in the same recognition that, despite the hysteria of the Rothermere Press, the Labour Party has earned its right to have a say in the management of things and particularly the things dealt with here.***

WE have started a New Year, and it seems tolerably certain that in a few weeks we shall have started a new Government. According to all the expectations and forecasts it will not only be a new Government, but a Government of a new sort. It would seem that Labour is going to make its bow on the stage of affairs and that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will be the central figure.

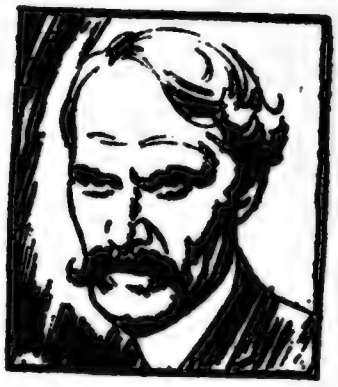
There is a great deal of alarm being experienced in certain quarters at the prospect. It is an alarm I do not share—not because I am a supporter of the Labour Party, but for several equally good reasons. In the first place I do not see the widsom of squealing before I am hurt. There will be plenty of time to squeal when I discover—if I do discover—that Mr. MacDonald has horns under his hat and a cloven hoof inside his substantial Scotch boots. I do not expect to make that discovery. I have had occasion to meet Mr. MacDonald in the past and I have found him uncommonly like many other middle-class Englishmen and Scotsmen who have taken to politics.

IN the next place we have got to accept the fact that the Labour Party have arrived whether we like it or not, and it is much more sensible to accept it in good temper and to believe—until we have reason to believe the contrary—that the Labour Party is composed of people who have as much interest in the prosperity and good government of this country as any other party. They will be new to the job, and I daresay they will make mistakes. But can you recall any Government within your memory that did not make mistakes of one sort or another?

Finally, I refuse to get in a panic for the reason that the Labour Government will serve its apprenticeship to the art of government under the best possible auspices. It will not have a majority of the House. If it had I might feel less confident in mind. It might then be tempted to break the crockery. But it will be a minority party dependent for office on the good will either of the Liberals or the Conservatives or both. It has to be moderate or out it goes. If it wants to stay in office, it will have to put its wild men in cold storage and not attempt to go ahead of the Liberal band. It will not like this, but it will be discipline for it and it will be security for the country.

SO I repeat that I await this development without alarm and with indifference to the screams and hysteria of the newspapers. I believe in the genius of this country for self-government, and so long as revolutionary sentiment can find free expression in Parliament there is no need to fear it. It is when men try to suppress it and drive it underground as they did in Tzarist Russia that trouble is brewed and disaster comes. Let us keep the Parliamentary safety valve in good working order and we shall always get rid of our bad air and our hot air.

I have opposed the Labour Party in the past, and I shall doubtless oppose it in the future, but while it is in power I shall, as a good citizen, hope that it will do good work for the country. If Mr. MacDonald is wise, cuts his coat according to his cloth and recognises the limits within which he is contained, I see no reason why he should not do well. There are two big jobs before us—to restore peace to Europe and to restore prosperity at home. They are really one job, for if the first is done the second follows as a matter of course.



*Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who may soon have an opportunity of dealing with the points mentioned in this article.*

In regard to the first, I think the omens are good. It is clear from what is happening that at last M. Poincaré has taken alarm. Whatever we may think about the Election in other respects, it has acted as a warning to the French Prime Minister. He has got an election of his own looming ahead, and he has taken alarm at the discovery that the Rothermere Press with its "Hats off to France," has led him into a desperate mess. Great Britain has laughed at the idea that it should play the underling to anybody, and has returned a Parliament overwhelmingly committed to making peace with Russia and bringing about peace in Europe. If the new Government will set about that task boldly they will find that they have all the cards in their hands and all parties behind them, except a few unteachable Die-Hards. The world is sick of war. It wants to get back to business, and the Government that leads the way back will be the most popular Government in history. I do not see why the next Government, wisely and courageously led and backed loyally by both Liberals and Conservatives, should not have the honour.

AND on domestic questions there is plenty of room for useful work without alarming anybody. We shall be none the worse for having a Government that looks at our affairs from a new angle—from the point of view of the workman instead of the point of view of the man who owns. I think they might solve the housing problem, first by dealing with the building rings that have strangled every solution hitherto, and secondly by inducing the unions to agree to dilution of labour as a contribution to the remedy of a grievance that especially afflicts the poor.

There is another great range of subjects I should like to see them take in hand. It is the heavy toll taken by the middleman in transferring commodities from the producer to the consumer. I referred the other week to the case of milk. I have had many letters endorsing or criticising my statements, especially the figure paid to the farmer. I have gone carefully into those figures again, and have nothing to withdraw. I think the producer is getting too little, the consumer is paying too much and the distributing agency is taking too much.

THE same with the Tobacco Trust—profits four and a half millions. The same with coal. The coal-getter is worse off than he was before the war. The coal consumer is paying vastly more than before the war. Where is the leakage? We want the finance of the mines more closely scrutinised. We want to know more, for example, about those "selling agencies" by which vast undisclosed sums flow into private pockets. These are the sort of things, exploiting the producer on the one hand and the consumer on the other, to which the Government may well give attention and on which they can turn the searchlight with general approval.

# Buys a Pup

## by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

general risk by her tardy entrance into the struggle, and that France having borne the brunt of the attack and suffering for their benefit as well as her own, should be gratefully forgiven the merely financial part of the help which they afforded her. That is the general view of French people, and I heartily agree that there is much to be said for it.

But if France is to be acquitted of her debts, why not Britain? Why should this mercenary and sordid nation be the only one of seventeen debtor countries to pay back what she borrowed from America? We are incomparably worse off industrially than France. Every British man, woman and child is bearing a burden in taxes of £16 a year, while the French pay only £6 a head, and the Italians £2 15s.

This load is a constant hindrance to British enterprise, and a crushing handicap to our trade. It adds an enormous percentage to the price of every commodity we produce. It means that we are unable to sell our goods, and that the artisans in our principal industries are consequently deprived of work and wages. The sufferers most cruelly hit by the war's upheaval are British workpeople and their wives and children!

Opinions may differ as to who was the arch-criminal in the blood-guiltiness of that war, but it is beyond question or dispute that none went into the conflict with so chivalrous and altruistic a motive and purpose as the common Tommy of the British rank and file. He volunteered because he sincerely believed that the Belgians and the French were being wickedly attacked. He gave up his work, his wages, and his home; risked his life and limbs; fell in the trenches, or permanently wrecked his body and his future chances of livelihood, for no other reason than his disinterested native love of fair play and his hatred of despotism. Yet to-day the survivors from the shambles are, of all the combatants, the worst afflicted by the waste and ruin of the crime!

The scandal of this monstrous injustice has passed beyond the bounds of the most generous endurance. Germany, of course, must be made to pay to the utmost of her capacity; but in the meantime John Bull has the right to ask his Allies and friends for an all-round readjustment and settlement of liabilities, and relief for British workers from a claim upon their industry which is draining the life's blood of our nation.

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Continued on Page 20
Be sure to read them.

# SAINTS AND SINNERS

### Pen Portraits of Prominent People

### *by* HESKETH PEARSON

THE tragedy of Mr. Hodges' life is that he was brought up (or rather let down) to see things from the bottom of a coal-pit. He stands with eyes fixed on the small circle of light which is the pit's mouth and can conceive no world outside its circumference. Educated as a salesman of the thews and sinews of his fellow-miners, he has failed to realise that the community is more important than a section of its workers. From the bottom of his mental coal-pit he has concentrated all the time on fighting for a high price for the services of the miners, instead of a low price for the things they need. Briefly, his vision has been warped by his job.

IN accordance with the rules of the Miners' Federation, he has resigned the secretaryship on entering Parliament, and has thus halved his salary. He is a little annoyed, of course, but he is trying to bear up. It is only natural that he should feel a little sour at the attitude of some of the miners; but as he found the Miners' Federation one of the richest labour associations in the world, and leaves it one of the poorest, he could hardly expect them to behave otherwise.

In bare justice to him one is forced to add that no labour leader could have done any better in his position; but it was not likely that he would receive many manifestations of gratitude from men who have been forced to sell their grand-pianos!

HE will be a great asset to the debating strength of the Labour Party at Westminster. An easy and fluent speaker, possessing real charm of manner, he will make a far better effect upon the House than the rough-and-ready gentlemen from Clydeside. Though only thirty-six years of age, he knows as much about economics, from a capitalistic and socialistic point of view, as anyone in Parliament except Mr. Sidney Webb. And now that he is freed from the coal-pit aspect of affairs, it is more than probable that he will add a sense of proportion to his other gifts.

The chief formative influence in his life was not Ruskin College, where his cleverness first asserted itself, but his early religious training with the Primitive Methodists. This gave to his social aspirations a strong and almost fanatical moral basis. It gave him the incentive, the driving force, without which he might never have risen to his present position.

Putting on one side the intensely narrow view-point which has guided all his thoughts and actions up to the present, his skill in polemics,

Mr. Frank Hodges

his amazing power of marshalling statistics and making them talk, his linguistic accomplishments and administrative efficiency—all these mark him out for high place in the first Labour Government. No leader could possibly pass him over.

HIS admirers fear that, like so many men who have come to the fore in early manhood, he might succumb to the unnatural strain of work he has already put upon himself. But I am inclined to think that the further he gets away from the coal-mines the less danger will there be of a mental breakdown.

# Let Us Live and Be Happy!

### *by* T. W. H. CROSLAND

I GATHER from all sorts of quarters that the world continues to be in a distinctly bad way. Taking it all round (like an orange, so to speak) it is a decent sort of world, and though I sometimes think I could have made a better one out of a few soap boxes, I am always sorry to hear that it is suffering.

In this sentiment I have the support of the very highest authorities, one of whom has just been expressing his profound grief in regard to present mundane conditions.

"Among the peoples," says this high authority, "there are still bitter feelings and division, penury and destitution are on the increase, and in respect to peace it must be acknowledged that there is unfortunately no change for the better."

IT is not for me to quarrel with high authority, but in the past fortnight I have had opportunities for looking into the condition of sundry peoples other than the British, and to tell you the honest truth I have my doubts not only as to the "increase of penury and destitution," but also as to "bitter feelings and division," and particularly as to there having been no change for the better in regard to peace.

In France, Italy and Belgium at any rate things appear to me to be pretty much the same as they were before the war, namely, on the prosperous side.

I can vouch for the fact that there is an abundance of cheap food, plenty of cheap drink, and no unemployment worth speaking about in these three countries.

It is difficult to find anybody who will complain as to lack of business or slumpage in industry, and when it comes to questions of "bitter feeling and division," or the prospect of another European war, you have only to open your mouth on such subjects to be laughed at.

AS far as I can make out, the supposed "tension" between France and England, whether over the occupation of the Ruhr or any other matter, simply doesn't exist in the minds of the French people.

The Belgians for their part are as friendly to us as ever they were in their lives, and so are the Italians. I have tried my hardest on beaten and unbeaten tracks in France, Italy and Belgium, to get somebody to be rude to me because of my British nationality—and failed.

The only way they attempt to take the poor old *entente* out of you is by clapping a bit on to the price of food, wine or lodgings, and this they explain is not out of hatred, but "by reason of the rule of exchange."

A fellow at Lyons served me with the ruby in a bottle of such vitreous thickness that the contents amounted to little more than half a bottle. I called him a *voleur* or robber to his face and threatened him with what is left of the British Fleet.

Like a lamb he immediately produced a proper bottleful and charged me for only one bottle. Consequently I was at least 4d. in on the deal.

I haven't space to tell you of other experiences of a similar kind. Of one thing I am convinced, however, and that is that human nature is human nature all over "allied" Europe, and "allied" Europe has not forgotten what we did for her in the war.

Despite anything that may happen in the "diplomatic" sense there can never be material trouble between ourselves and "allied" Europe, unless the peoples thereof insist upon it—which is the last thing the peoples will do.

LET us therefore be of good heart. Even as "allied" Europe is not by any means so badly off as the higher schools of political philosophy might lead us to imagine, neither is Britain.

We must cheer up for Chatham and remember that no matter what the politicians were born for, the peoples were born to live and be happy.

# CONAN DOYLE GETS CROSS

## by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY *Author of "An Amazing Seance," etc.)*

***THE road of Spiritualism investigation is paved with obstacles, and our contributor is having no easy time in his efforts to come to a definite conclusion. Now Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who, up to the present, has encouraged our search for Truth, shows his impatience at our scepticism and washes his hands of the matter. But we are not daunted, and below make a sensational offer.***

*Mr. Sydney Moseley.*

JUST when we were going along so nicely Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has thrown up the sponge. After three séances he has despaired of me. Nay, he is definitely annoyed, and in a short and sharp note my spiritualist mentor cuts up as rough as a mere materialist!

Our experiences together in the course of the investigations have been more piquant than profitable. In the first one I showed him how easy it is to fool the most knowing of spiritualists; in the second, I discovered afterwards that the medium had a black record, and in the third that while Sir Arthur's spiritualist friend was perfectly willing to show me the *results* of his sittings, he made the usual excuses about providing a test séance.

That is the whole trouble. Conan Doyle may be impatient with my hesitancy to become a convert. Let me tell him that the experiences I have had with his own nominees and with others are leading me to grave conclusions. Spiritualists in the course of this investigation have had a very fair hearing, but up to now, far from being exalted or impressed, I have unearthed mediums who are the most obvious frauds, and others whose mental balance is open to question.

* * *

Take my latest experience.

For over two hours this week I was at the mercy of a mad medium. It seemed as if her ravings would continue indefinitely, when I summoned up courage, brought the séance to a sudden end, and gently but very firmly piloted the lady off the premises.

The official spiritualist may hasten to disown this lady, but since she is one of many whose activities abound everywhere, I propose to tell my readers all that happened.

* * *

This medium, who has lectured to the London Spiritualists, came forward of her own volition and offered, some weeks ago, to prove that the dead lived. Her letter was put aside with many others to be dealt with in due course. A second letter then reached me from her, urgently asking that I should arrange a séance. She enclosed her qualifications, which seemed, *prima-facie*, to warrant a test séance.

The lady was certain she could convince me, because the spirits on the other side had already told her what was likely to happen. I thereupon asked a friend of mine if she would allow the test to take place at her house at West Kensington.

The medium duly arrived, and was shown into a room which had no fire. My hostess hastened to explain that there was a fire in another room, but she understood spiritualists objected to light.

"No," said the medium, "we might as well be comfortable. Let us go into the warm room."

First of all she showed us in detail "remarkable results" which she had achieved through automatic writing. Then she went on to describe how her spirit guides could reduce her to a state of severe illness, and then in a trice give her renewed vigour and health so that "nothing could touch her." She continued to formulate threadbare arguments, to which I listened as wearily and as patiently as befits an investigator. Then I hinted that we ought to get on with the job.

* * *

The medium sat back in her chair, which faced my hostess, passed her hand across her puckered forehead, and, in short, went through all the little formula to which we have all by now become accustomed. On this occasion the spirits turned out very promptly.

"Do you know anybody by the name of Frank?" she asked me.

"Frank who?" I responded.

"Or Paul?" she fenced, ignoring my pertinent question.

"Ah! here comes your father, . . . Sydney, my boy . . . it's your dad speaking . . . your old dad . . . . ah! my boy, we on this side are going to convert you before long . . we're going to bring you to our side when you're asleep to see for yourself . . . you'll know then! Won't you say how-do-you-do to your old dad, Sydney, my boy?"

*Gibberish!*

"Here's your mother," said the medium, quite indifferent to the incredulous impression she was creating. "She asks me to tell you to go on investigating, and that all will be well. . . . She says you are so much like your old dad, outspoken and not to be imposed upon."

"Quite right," I said promptly.

* * *

Of the profanities and inanities uttered by this mad medium I will say very little. To clinch the "test," she addressed an imaginary Eastern guide and asked us to allow her to sing a few verses of a song in his tongue.

This apparently was "evidence" which went down very well with all her sitters.

What she actually did was to improvise, as she went along, some stupid jingle of the English tongue, uttering any sound that suggested mysticism—as meaningless a hotch-potch of tuneless balderdash that you could ever conceive. She went on from the first verse to the second and on to the next, and it was then that I felt I had reached the limit of my endurance. I stopped the proceedings and wished her a very good day.

* * *

Now if this investigation of spiritualism has so far brought us anywhere, it is to these important conclusions:

1. That there is a vast amount of fraud being perpetrated under the name of Spiritualism, and that it behoves both the police and the genuine spiritualists to combine in order to down this unholy practice.

2. That there are many neurotic and hysterical people who are totally unfit to practise the nerve-racking rites that accompany these attempts at intercourse with the dead.

Many of the people whom I have seen are nothing more or less than nervous wrecks. Therefore, I would put down professional spiritualists with a hard hand. It should no more be allowed than professional fortune-telling. True, in a number of instances where such comparatively harmless "phenomena" as table-rapping, automatic writing, crystal gazing, etc., are indulged in, some amusement is afforded to those with a healthy outlook upon life, but to others this form of recreation is attended with very serious results.

Only stupid people, you might say, would be at all impressed by such manifest humbug. But I have seen too much of the evils wrought by these conscienceless perverters of the truth not to voice a whole-hearted protest against the continuation of these practices.

The police can only act when a fee is charged, and then the charge of obtaining money by false pretences may perhaps be made. The wily persons who play upon the feelings of the credulous, unfortunately are not so easily caught. They get over all legal obstacles by pretending not to accept fees, although at the same time they invite you, through one of the company present (who is usually a confederate) to contribute towards their expenses.

I have reason to believe that in making this charge against professional spiritualists and fortune-tellers I shall have the backing of every sincere spiritualist. As a matter of fact, a certain well-known spiritualist has written to me doubting very much the genuineness of trumpet mediums. "As a believer in spiritualism for over forty years," he writes, "I would warn you against them. They do the cause no good. It is very difficult to trap them, but if you could do this you would earn the appreciation of those of us who have a real belief in spiritualism."

It is perhaps much to be regretted, but in all the séances I have attended, with the exception of one, there was always a money end to spiritualism.

The occult press is full of advertisements from professing clairvoyants who are prepared to hold classes, etc., for so much.

I notice, too, the *Two Worlds*—a spiritualist paper which is widely read in the provinces—throws cold water on the alleged spiritual manifestations of the trumpet medium with whom I sat recently. I made it perfectly clear, however, at the time, that I was not at all convinced that the voices which came through the trumpet were those of departed spirits.

* * *

Although the medium and his friend have declared my account of that séance to have been very fair, I wish to make it public that the medium has not come forward to provide the test séance as he had promised.

I think this is a very serious matter. At the séance I attended as a preliminary it was not necessary to impose any test conditions at all, so that if the medium were dishonest, which I do not at all suggest, it was very easy to hoodwink us.

It is very necessary, however, for him to give the test séance he promised. Although tentative dates were suggested none of them, so far, has been ratified. I therefore ask him and his spiritualist backers publicly if it is their intention to give the test séance as promised. I can assure him his reply will get such publicity as it requires.

At the séance to which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was good enough to invite me, I saw some wonderful spirit photographs which were taken in the presence of sceptics. If the photographer who obtained these remarkable results, would care to accept this challenge he may be able to achieve two things:

1. He may secure our cheque of £100, which he may decide to pay over to the cause; and, 2: he will have accomplished the greatest thing in the history of occultism—that is, convinced a very great public organ that there is really something in spiritualism.

### JOHN BULL'S OFFER

***IN order to bring the investigation to a conclusion JOHN BULL will give in addition to the £100 to the Spiritualist who will produce a genuine spirit photograph under our test conditions, a further sum of £100 to the medium who will give a trumpet or direct voice séance which will satisfy a committee of spiritualists and scientists that the results are due to genuine psychic influences.***

***This offer remains open for one month.***

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# Human Documents

*Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.*

## Born out of Wedlock

"I AM a son who was born out of wedlock, my mother being a Lancashire cotton winder and my father the ne'er-do-well son of a wealthy neighbouring family. My father, I understand, was quite willing to marry my mother before I put in an appearance, but the smug respectability of his parents prevented him from taking a wife from a class so far beneath him.

"During her life my mother had always great ambitions concerning my career, and by her own labours in the mill and my ability to win scholarships I have risen to a high and comfortable post in the scholastic profession. Ten years ago, just when I became capable of giving her some of the luxuries which she had always been denied, she died.

"Now in October last there came to me a man thoroughly down and out who made himself known to me as my father. His people, it appears, moved from our old district just about the time I was born, and continued in their prosperous way till fifteen years later, when through some misfortune they lost the whole of their wealth.

"My scapegrace, easy-going father, brought up in the lap of luxury, and unfitted for industry, has drifted from bad to worse until now he is little more than a vagabond, down at heel, ragged and miserable. He asks for my help, and I am tempted to make his last few years as happy as I possibly can.

"But I cannot help remembering my poor old mother's disgrace, her lonely life and her hard, courageous struggle, unaided by the one who should have been by her side. I am pulled in two different ways. Which should I take?"

"Humanist" says:—*Of course you should help your father. It is not your business to award punishment for moral offences. The past cannot be helped, and it is unwise to dwell too much on it.*

## Sins of the Soviet.

"SEVEN years ago I was a wealthy young Russian noble with a large estate near Samara on the banks of the Volga. To-day I am only a poor clerk-interpreter engaged by a seaport firm which has a small trade with the Baltic provinces.

"The change came during the Bolshevik upheaval, for I was deprived of my lands and my entire wealth by the confiscatory policy of the rebels. My wife, too, was taken from me by an unscrupulous former lover who took up service with the extremists and rose to high rank. After the raid on our mansion we were separated; I was cast into prison and became an entire stranger to the world for two whole years.

"After an awful existence in a dungeon, four of my fellow-prisoners and myself contrived to escape.

"Some three months ago I met my wife and she disclosed to me her fate when we separated. My rival, it appears, is now with her in England on a visit, and is very much in love with her. Fearful of the death which she felt threatened her from this adventurer, she resigned herself to the inevitable and later, it must be said, found some degree of happiness.

"I am poor, Humanist, and almost down-and-out. My wife still regards me as of old, but I am afraid I can never forget her life of the past four years. I feel it would be well to let present conditions abide, for what but unhappiness could result if I took back to my poor home this woman who has never known poverty?"

"Humanist" says: *A wife torn from you in a revolution, under threat of death, cannot be too harshly blamed. If she is willing to share your poverty I do not see why you cannot forgive and find happiness together.*

## The City's Web

"MY story is the old one of a country girl unused to the ways of the world who migrated to one of our great cities and became the willing plaything of a scoundrel who afterwards deserted her.

"Our home is one of the small crofts found on the fertile fringe running along the edge of the highlands of Scotland. My husband and I have lived here since we were married thirty years ago. He is a native of these parts, and this probably accounts for the stern unbending Puritanism which is the great feature of his character.

"We had one child, a girl, as pretty as the best, but when she was eighteen, she entered domestic service.

"Two years after she left our home her ruin was complete, for the man who had courted her left her when she most needed his aid. Dismissed from her service, in despair she returned home for comfort to the parents who had always worshipped her. On her arrival she was met with abuse by her strictly religious and bigoted father, and told to quit the house and never to enter it again.

"My poor girl did so, and as a helpless spectator I had to stand by. That was four months ago. You can judge of my feelings now, Humanist. I do not know her whereabouts, but I know that she wants my aid. My husband forbids me to take steps to discover her, and I am in despair as to my course of action. I feel that I hate her pharasaical father for his hard-heartedness, for I deem that now, more than ever, we should stand by our daughter."

"Humanist" says:—*Your husband is one of those who mouth the teachings of Christ without understanding them. It is his duty to stand by his daughter. Stand up to him. Right is on your side. In time he may relent.*

## East and West

"I HAVE been hesitating for a long time about writing to you, 'Humanist,' but now I feel I must. I am a widow, and I run a boarding-house in London with the help of my only daughter, aged nineteen.

She is a good, sensible girl, but for the past few months she has been giving me terrible anxiety.

One of our boarders is an extremely pleasant young Japanese, who is over here to learn business. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and I would trust him implicitly. That is why I made no objection when he offered to take my girl out occasionally to the pictures, to a dance or for a walk, and so on.

"I see now how foolish it was. They have fallen in love with each other, and are secretly engaged. I know he has promised to make a home for her in Japan, and then send for her.

Do you think I ought to interfere, seeing that my daughter is so completely in love with him? Might not the marriage turn out to be quite a successful one?"

"Humanist" says:—*The marriage could never be happy. The young man himself has forgotten, in his infatuation, what the attitude of his parents and his friends in Japan would be. Talk to him earnestly, as a mother. He will, I am sure, agree to leave your house and see your daughter no more.*

## The Bogus Sister

"I AM a British girl, twenty-five years of age, of good education, have always enjoyed perfect health, considered to have a fair share of good looks, but the illegitimate daughter of a mother who is only forty-two years of age, and looks at the very least quite ten years younger.

"In order to give my mother a really fair chance of marriage, an agreement was made between us when we came here from the Isle of Man to live ten years ago, that we should pose as sisters and not as mother and daughter.

"The man to whom I am now engaged to be married has discovered the truth, and threatens to break off our engagement if I don't explain the true facts to his people. His argument is that if I am ashamed to own my mother, I am not fit to be the wife of a decent man.

"I would have no hesitation in complying with his wishes were it not for the fact that his two sisters are the worst gossip-mongers I have ever had the displeasure to know.

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Humanist" says: *You are foolish to lose your husband for the sake of a silly compact. Ask your mother to give her consent to telling the father and mother—that's all.*

**Avoiding Trouble.**

"I have fallen in love with my employer's daughter, and she with me. My employer says that if I meet her again he will dismiss me. Can he do so?"

*Do not give him the chance. Be straight with him until you find another job. Then you can do as you like.*

**A Marriage Tangle.**

"A man I know is being sued for divorce by his wife, but I have proof that she also has committed misconduct. Is it my duty to tell him?"

*Is it right to keep bound together two people who would rather be free? Sometimes silence is golden.*

**Too Late.**

"Two years ago I married a man I did not love. Now true love has come to me, and the man wants me to go away with him. Am I not justified in taking this great gift?"

*No. Your duty is to your husband, and an irregular union seldom brings permanent happiness.*

**For the Child's Sake.**

"I am about to become a mother, but I do not love the man concerned. My mother says I must marry him all the same. Please give me your advice."

*Consider carefully the child's future and your own. If the man would make you a good husband you should certainly marry him.*

**A Safety Bet.**

"My friend's wife asked me to put £5 on a horse for her, which I did. The horse lost, and now she denies the whole thing. Am I justified in telling her husband?"

*You might be justified, but you would grieve your friend. It would be more dignified to treat the matter with silent contempt.*

**Their Adopted Child.**

"During the war my wife and I adopted a war orphan. The boy is now seventeen and a real "wrong-un." But for his youth he would have been sent to prison recently. We cannot control him. Must we keep him?"

*You must treat him as your own child. Give him every chance. If you cast him out, what hope is there left for him?*

**Keep on Trying.**

"I am a clerk to a dishonest bookmaker who makes me play all sorts of shabby tricks on his clients. I have a wife and two children. If I throw up my job of my own accord, I don't get the dole. What should I do?"

*Stay where you are until you can find another job. But don't fail to go on looking until you do find one.*

**Danger of Aspirin.**

"My daughter is always taking aspirins. Every time she has a slight headache, or feels depressed, she flies to them. I consider aspirin as dangerous as "dope," and have ordered my daughter to stop taking it. She refuses."

*It is dangerous to become a slave to any drug. But you would do better to get a doctor to tell your daughter so, giving medical reasons. She will probably listen to him.*

**A Weak Woman's Obstinacy.**

"My fiancé has gone to Canada, where he is doing well, and wants me to join him. My widowed mother, whom I support, is an occasional drinker and would become a confirmed drunkard if my control were removed. My mother refuses to go to Canada with me, and my fiancé says he cannot wait for me much longer.

*You must be cruel to be kind. Tell your mother you are going to Canada. I think you will find that she will give way at the last moment. If she does not, her future will be her own concern, but, of course, you will send her enough money to live on, though too little to buy drink with.*

# THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

## A Cook in the Soup

*by* HARRISON OWEN

FONDLING his elegant "beaver," Sir Joseph Cook, High Commissioner of Australia, drawled a plea of "Not guilty" to charges of misrepresentation and mismanagement in connection with emigration schemes directed from Australia House.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that the allegations might be divided into two groups, one containing charges relating to misrepresentations made to dwellers in Great Britain with a view to persuading them to settle in Australia, while the second group would be made up of charges arising out of the callous indifference of the Australia House bureaucracy toward many of their own countrymen.

"Judging by the policy pursued at Australia House," continued Mr. Watchdog, "the people whose presence in the Commonwealth is considered least desirable are Australians, scores of whom are living in English workhouses and model lodging-houses or are tramping the streets, unable to obtain employment here and yearning to return to their native land. To these men, Australia House is sublimely indifferent; but once the facts are made known this indifference will not be shared in Australia, for Australia knows its "Joke" Cook and the Press there has for some time been voicing dissatisfaction.

"No less discreditable is the manner in which glowing but misleading literature representing Australia as a New Utopia is circulated among unsuspecting people. The fate of emigrants sent out on the *Ballarat* and *Berrima* has already been the subject of indignant criticism in the Australian House of Representatives. In one instance a man had actually been handed his sailing ticket and other documents; he, his wife and five children had passed an examination which cost 26s., and they had sold their home, when a curt note arrived announcing: 'The Australian Government has cancelled your case.' Such methods have brought Australia House into contempt and it is quite time this High and Mighty Commissioner was called to account."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that, listening to his learned friend, one would suppose Sir Joseph Cook had nothing to do but dry-nurse intending emigrants. As the representative of a great Dominion, Sir Joseph was expected to attend numerous banquets, and the manner in which he carried out these duties had won admiration.

A verdict of "Guilty" was promptly returned.

"I can only say," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "I am astounded that the prisoner, who himself migrated to Australia in the long-ago and came to his present well-paid position when, having belonged successively to the Labour, Conservative and Liberal Parties, little further use could be found for him in Australian politics, should appear indifferent to callousness such as his department has shown in dealing with emigrants. I direct that the papers in this case be brought under the notice of Mr. Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister. As the prisoner's devotion to such duties as the consumption of free food appears to be largely responsible for his neglect of more important work he will be sentenced to six months' close confinement in his office in the hope that during this period he will become better acquainted with the methods of the department he is paid a large salary to manage."

# Printers' Pie

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")*

"DAILY SKETCH":—"HEARING A SPEECH last night, the assistant piermaster launched the lifeboat."

"CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS" (advert.):—"Lost, Mill Road, LADY'S fur-lined GENT'S glove; reward given."

"TOTTENHAM & EDMONTON HERALD":—"TO-MORROW Young and Woods WERE UNABLE to take advantage of the many opportunities provided."

"MY WEEKLY":—"A discordant SOUND broke from Malcolm Hilliard. His lips moved, BUT NO SOUND CAME."

"WOMAN'S WORLD":—"The comedian bowed: he was not at all DECOMPOSED by the scene he had created."

"SHREWSBURY CIRCULAR":—"The doors will OPEN at 7.45 TO COMMENCE at 8.15."

"LIVERPOOL WEEKLY COURIER":—"Instinctively he pressed his hands against his aching EYEBALLS and PUSHED THEM BACK."

"DAILY MAIL":—"It seemed to Peter Blunden that he had HEARD the faint WHISPER OF A FOOTSTEP outside the door."

"THE ROVER":—"He put the HEEL of his strong right HAND under Greeson's nose and pushed with all his force."

"SCHOOLGIRL'S OWN":—"His EYES seemed to stare RIGHT OUT OF HIS BEARD, and gave him an unusual air of youth that his appearance generally belied."

"WEEKLY DISPATCH":—"The baby is a fair complexioned boy with DARK BROWN WHITE woollen shawl."

"FIFE FREE PRESS" (advt.):—"50 RED Velour Hats, BLACK and coloured, 9s. 6d. each."

# CARTOONETTES

## and Topical Jingles

*by* FRANK HOLLAND

So Baldwin's friends who came to pray
Have now remained to scoff;
The cry has gone "On, Stanley, on!"
It's now "Off, Stanley, off!"

Why should we pour out wealth galore
Into these desert lands?
It seems indeed that none can read
This "Riddle of the sands."

They beg him now to save the State
From Labour rule and ruin;
But Asquith smiles at all their wiles
And murmurs, "Nothing doin'."

By no design can one combine
These two opposing schools;
For here once more he "takes the floor"
Who sits between the stools.

## Small Ads. Worth Watching

*Continued from page 16.*

**DRESS.**

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

SHIRTS Direct from Makers.—Strong Working Man's Shirt, 3/11. Good, honest value. Send P.O.—Fairbank Co., Cork.

**WIRELESS.**

WIRELESS Sets by easy payments. Perfect reception. "Listen in" while paying. Free List.—Townshends, Ltd., Ernest St., Birmingham.

**MUSICAL.**

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 89, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

CARDOW'S "Masterpiece" Concert Party Album now published, 2/2 p.f. Book of 17 Humorous Recitations, including "The Life of a Pickled Onion," 1/2, p.f.—The Author-Composers' Bureau, 104, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

BOYD PIANOS, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours from Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London.

DIAPHONE—Britain's best Portable Gramophone, catalogued £7. Liquidation clearance, 55/-, sent on approv. Write for photo and description.—ERNEST FORTNAM, 17a, Dale End, Birmingham.

**MEDICAL, CURATIVE.**

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

STUBBORN SKIN DISEASES. — New unfailing discovery. "Yroc" (say Ee-roc) positively cures eczema, sores, piles, all eruptions, scalds and cuts, WITHOUT SCAR, 1/3, p.f.—Yroc, 334, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS.—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper.—Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Bacton Road, London, S.W.8.

RUPTURE TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—A certain cure, instant relief guaranteed. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, failure impossible. This new scientific discovery SENT ON TRIAL. Call, write or 'phone for Sworn Testimonials and booklet "A." — Le Brasseur Surgical Manfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 88, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office: 90, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

DR. HALL'S FAMILY HERBAL PILLS.—A safe and reliable remedy for the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS; removes disorders equally common to men, women and children. Prevents physical discomfort and ill-health. No household should be without a supply. 45 pills 9d. Double quantity, 1/3, post free. — HALL'S HYGIENE CO., LTD., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN of Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Eruptions, Psoriasis, Eczema, Sores. "PURALETS" always succeed. Trial free.—Percivals, Ltd., 162, St. Albans.

IONISED TABLETS.—New Disease Remedies. Special kind for every ailment. Boxes, 3/6, 6/6, 12/6.—Laboratory, 62, Newport Street, Bolton.

BLUSHING, Nervousness.—Send 3d. for interesting book on genuine home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

SKIN DISEASES, Psoriasis, Eczema, Bad Legs, completely and permanently cured by Kurem Home Treatment. Free Book sent under plain cover.—Write J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, BRADFORD.

A BOOK on Herbs. How to blend, make and take them. Sent free.—Write for one to Secretary, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

FITS.—Epilepsy banished at last. No case too severe or too old. Prescription, proof free all sufferers.—Whitby & Co., Winsford, Ches.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

WHY TAKE MEDICINE for Rheumatism or Gout when "Woodbine" Blend Dry Cyder is equally beneficial—and so much more pleasant?—Write Whiteways, Wimple, Devon, for particulars.

YOUR LAST CHANCE to compete for our £10 Free Cash Prizes.—Send for particulars today.—Canvas Shoe Co., Stepps Rd., nr. Glasgow.


*Our Letter Parliament*

# Who Are the Robbers?

## Our Readers Air Their Views on Profiteering and Other Topics

### *Chance for M.P.s.*

Mr. Gardiner's exposure of the Great Milk Trust and other combines, will be applauded by many thousands of your readers. What a state of affairs! Here's a chance for our straight-going politicians to get legislation passed that will cut the talons of those gentry, and put an end to this wholesale robbery. More power to your pen.—*W. G. C., Helensburgh, Scotland.*

### *The Milky Way.*

Many thousands will read A. G. Gardiner's exposure of the Milk Trust with a great deal of pleasure. Parliament must be forced to go into the Trust question. Lord Dawson says "Drink more milk and have better health." I take it he advises pure milk. People are forced to cut down their milk bills owing to the high cost. Let us have *pure* milk at a reasonable price. Keep it up. You have plenty of backers!—*P. G. B., Southampton.*

### *"The Forty Thieves."*

Transcending even Unemployment or Housing, is this problem of legalised profiteering—the Rings, Trusts, etc. The deaths of thousands of old and young can be traced directly to the low purchasing power of poverty-line wages, through this shameless profiteering. You say that the surest remedy is not to buy; but these rascals know we cannot live by bread alone. This reform must be big-typed in the minds of all good M.P.s at the first opportunity when Parliament meets.—"*Bluddup, Ayr.*"

### *Held to Ransom.*

Your splendid exposure of the great milk Combine, the United Dairies, will be welcomed by every British mother. Who are these people that they are allowed to hold the nation to ransom in this scandalous manner? Cannot the Government take action to stop such flagrant swindling of the poor? Milk is such a necessity of life that the profiteering is doubly disgraceful. Keep at them until their prices are reduced or a new system of distribution comes into being.—*Mrs. H. I. J., Perth.*

### *New System Needed.*

It is indeed staggering to learn from your columns that the sale of milk is under the control of practically only one concern. This is a monstrous state of affairs, and I suggest that the authorities should at once take action to devise a new system, so that the consumer will be able to purchase the milk at a cheaper rate. If the country could be saved £7,000,000 a year, as you suggest, then the sooner the money is saved the better. You are to be congratulated on your fearless exposure.—*Howard Watt, Hull.*

### *Combine's Long Arm.*

In reference to your exposure of the United Dairies Ltd., I should like to give my own experiences as a cheap milkman. In establishing business, the first thing was to get a contracted supply of milk. Ninety-nine per cent. of the firms we applied to were quite willing to supply us with as much milk as we required, providing we did not sell it under the full price. The arm of the Milk Combine is long reaching and all powerful. The poor householder is caught nicely in the net: if he is dissatisfied with his milkman he tries another, only to find that he too is in this crushing ring. The two remedies are these: Do with less milk, and support the cheap milkman.—*H.V.B., Harringay.*

*Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.*

### *A Milk Strike.*

In his article on the profiteering carried on by the Milk Trust, Mr. Gardiner touched on a subject which appeals to poor and rich. The latter, however, can and will purchase the milk, no matter what it costs, and will take no steps to end the scandal. But why don't our Trade Unions do something? Why not call a one week's milk strike, no milk to be purchased except for babies. Condensed milk could easily be used during the period. If this were done it would bring the Trust to a more reasonable frame of mind.—"*Dalnada,*" *N. Ireland.*

### *Money in Smoke.*

With regard to A.G.G.'s remarks about the price of tobacco, everyone is agreed that the price *is* too high, but I do not agree that the public is being exploited by the Tobacco Combine. Take tobacco at 10½d per ounce which is a popular price for ordinary grade packet tobacco—out of that 10½d., 6d. and a fraction represents duty, leaving just over 4d. for manufacture, etc. The crux of the whole matter is that it is the *duty* that is too high and not the profits of the Combine.—*T. W. M., London; N.W.6.*

### *Naughty Novelettes.*

Some of the weekly fiction now printed especially for young girls is merely glorified sensuality. Week by week stolen love is depicted as a great adventure. Almost all the illustrations are of a sensuous character, and the titles usually about "mad nights" or something similar. There is no excuse for publishing the stuff, for no lesson is conveyed to girls by these suggestive stories. Can't they be stopped?—*Father, Manchester.*

### *On with the Dance!*

What's wrong with present day dancing? Nothing! As one who goes regularly every Saturday I must say that I totally disagree with "No Dancer." He seems to think that girls go to dancing halls not to dance but to flirt. My experience teaches me different. Because your reader can't or won't dance himself there is no reason why he should try to interfere with those who can. Leave youth alone! It will go its own way no matter what is said and done.—*A. L. S. S., Herne Hill, S.E.24.*

### *We wrote to JOHN BULL about it!*

"I cannot thank you enough for the great trouble you have taken with regard to T——. W——. Mother cannot believe it is true that she is to see her boy."—Mrs. B.

"Please accept the combined thanks of my wife and I, for the kind and prompt way in which you took up my pension case, and for bringing it to a successful conclusion."—W. B.

"I thank you for your prompt reply, and shall act upon your advice. ... If others knew thatthe 'Humanist' page is of real genuine help you would be sadly overworked."—W. P. H.

### *Doctors and the Girl.*

A recent article in JOHN BULL described the terrible ordeal of a doctor wrongly accused by a girl-patient of indecent assault. In view of the frequency of these hysterical charges, it is high time that doctors protected themselves by announcing that they will interview no women-patients unless accompanied by a female relative or friend.—*P. B., London, W.C.*

### *On the River.*

Referring to the letter, "Bargees' Babies," where would these people live if a stop was put to their living on the barges? Surely not all the parents are so ignorant that they cannot teach their children sufficient for elementary needs. The life is healthy and open, and the people seem happy. The children need not necessarily grow up to be boatmen. In any case they are at least no worse off than thousands who live in the slums of the big cities, and their life is preferable to these latter.—*J. R. G., Stepney.*

### *Screen Harm.*

Teachers regard the cinema as largely responsible for present-day laxity. As much progress is made by sight and sound they hold that the cinema might be very helpful to them. Children, however, are such imitators, that films portraying sensational and improbable achievements offer them a fine scope, and they soon try to do similar feats. If children's performances could be confined to instructive subjects the cinema would do good.—*Interested, Scarborough.*

### *Red Rag of the Rich.*

Most people will agree with your contributor that the spirit of lawlessness gaining power in the lower ranks of democracy, is largely due to bad examples by the rich. The love of luxury, and the desire to get rich quickly, is so much the ruling passion to-day that every energy of body and mind is directed to that end, and this lust of wealth is fast breaking down the middle-class of society by throwing trade into the hands of the few. The display of wealth by the rich makes the unemployed too ready to join in any desperate enterprise.—*H. G., Newcastle.*

### *Prohibition and Work.*

As regards Prohibition not meaning unemployment, I disagree with "Bachin Cymro." The chief means of employment in this town are the distilleries (there are seven), and if these were closed down there would be very little work for the men. There are no factories or works to employ them, and it would mean the dole and poverty, whereas at present they have good wages and are comparatively comfortable. I say nothing about the evils resulting from the various kinds of dope that would inevitably follow were Prohibition the order of the day.—*A Reader, Dufftown.*

### *Labour Disputes.*

Lord Askwith's powerful article on Labour will be appreciated by everyone, employer and employee alike. Too often are the men involved in a dispute through the incompetence of their leaders. Obstinacy on the part of their leaders, and ignorance on the men's part, led to the recent boilermakers' dispute with its attendant miseries, lasting twenty-nine weeks. Lord Askwith holds out little hope of lasting peace between Capital and Labour; yet I suggest if Courts of Arbitration were established where grievances could be thrashed out in a sane and logical manner, strikes would be reduced.—*Mac, Glasgow.*

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STEPHEN DONOGHUE, The World-Famous Jockey, dressed by BARRY. (Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

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**THE Panshine Pair wish you a Bright New Year. They wish to help you make it very bright; brighter than any year has ever been before. They wish to clean and polish for you from New Year's day to the 31st December. They wish to keep dirt away from every room in your house; they wish to bring a lot of happiness without giving you a lot of work.**

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HODGSON & SIMPSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

Pn 140—143

**SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL."**

In our issue of December 22nd appeared a full-page advertisement of The Universal Stores, Ltd., 21, Cannon Street, Manchester, making a Special Offer of their 50s. Gramophones.

These high-class British-made Machines (worth 6 guineas) were being offered to JOHN BULL readers for only 40s. if accompanied by a coupon out of our issue of December 22nd.

In fairness to our clients The Universal Stores, and also our readers, as the issue of JOHN BULL was only out on December 19th, it did not allow sufficient time for our readers to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining the goods at the special bargain price, in the time allotted, and we are therefore asked to state that the offer will be open until January 15th to JOHN BULL readers only.

*The Baron of "Lloyd's" says*—
No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "GENEROUS."

Hello, EVERYBODY!—

**WHITE, FISHER & Co.**
**144a, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.**
Calling!!!

**FOOTBALL**—Gigantic Increased Odds.
Our prices are calculated according to the Results, with a minimum as scheduled upon our Coupons.
GUARANTEED—
Seven Leagues. Five Lists. Business on Credit.
Agents wanted.
Full particulars by application.
**RACING**—Systems. Weekly Accounts. No limit. All the year round.
**WE NEVER QUIBBLE.**
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**BET WITH THE BIG TWO.**
**DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE,**
(Established over 25 years)
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**ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**
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**19, Bride Lane, London, E.C.4**
***Offers Special Concession!***
Become your own Agent and obtain commission from the firm who has paid 20/- in the £ for the past 25 years!

**Bald Men Grow Hair**

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 30 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 B.K.), London, W.1.

# National Stud in Danger?

## The Riddle of Lord Wavertree's Gift to the Nation

DURING the past fortnight much controversy has arisen over the rumours that changes are likely to be made in the arrangements of the National Stud. London officially denies the report that the Irish Free State are after the land at Tully, at present owned by the British Government, but the statements in Dublin do not coincide with those of the Great City. However, if eventually drastic alterations are made in connection with Lord Wavertree's gift to the nation, no doubt the two Governments will come to an amicable arrangement.

**One of Ireland's Leading Industries.**

Ireland has never been slow to realise that horse-breeding is one of its leading industries, and, in the South particularly, never under-estimated the importance of maintaining one of its most cherished possessions, and as a result the Irish stud to-day stands as high as it ever did.

**Some of the Stud's Successes.**

During the war the stud paid its way, not only from its sales, but also from the proceeds of a part share of the winnings of horses leased to Lord Lonsdale, two of which, Royal Lancer and Diligence, were good winners, the former capturing both the English and Irish St. Legers.

The flat racing season of 1923 was a most successful one for the National Stud. Over nineteen thousand pounds in stake money was won by thirty horses, and the stud finished sixth in the list of winning breeders. Royal Realm, a son of Persimmon, White Eagle, by Gallinule, Night Hawk, and Great Sport were a few of the sires handed over by Lord Wavertree.

**Captain Bennet's Experience.**

Captain Bennet's bad fall at Wolverhampton was particularly hard lines as it robbed this fine horseman of his chance to head the jumping jockeys' championship. I wish him a speedy recovery.

It is a rare occurrence for a jockey to change into racing livery and then not have a mount. Yet this happened to Captain Bennet on two successive days. At Derby he weighed out for Spicey, which at that moment was en route from Newmarket to Chelmsford, and the day following, at the latter meeting, he donned Colonel Croft's colours with the intention of riding Southerner, but after he had passed the scales the horse could not be found.

**Winter Market for the Derby.**

I notice an effort is being made to form a winter market on the Derby. Of course Diophon is the chosen favourite, but Bright Knight, Donzelon, Sansovino, Arcade, and Salmon Trout all have admirers, but it is much too far ahead yet. We all know what happened to Town Guard last season, so it behoves us to lie low and watch points.

**Chelmsford Going Ahead.**

I am pleased to see the Chelmsford executive are gradually bringing the meeting into line with the better-known courses, and their enterprise met with its just reward as the result of their last efforts, the December meeting proving highly successful. A peculiar feature of the Chelmsford track is that contestants race round a church.

**Still Waiting for Gerald L.**

It was hard luck that the second day's racing at Lingfield had to be abandoned, for Gerald L was due to compete in the Southern Steeplechase against such celebrities as Forewarned, Hawker, which had missed the Open Chase on the previous day for this, Alcazar, Clarice, the Welsh Grand National winner, and others. Everyone is anxious to have another look at Gerald L, who has not run since breaking down at Hurst Park last March.

**A Treat in Store.**

One of the plums of 1924 will be the Ascot Gold Cup. It would draw thousands to Ascot if it were the only race at the meeting. Mr. Sinclair is sending over Zev to compete. He has already lodged the entry with the American Jockey Club, and the race is as good as won. The French—buoyed by their great successes of 1923—intend to carry off the prize with Massine or Filibert, the winner of the Grand Prix. Meanwhile, we have a few which will have a large say in the matter. Zev will find that Papyrus is a different proposition altogether on a genuine race course. Parth will also run, and he has already beaten the French cracks in France.

**The Best Way to Bet.**

Several correspondents have asked me for the best method of staking. I suppose most punters have their own opinion on this subject, but it is very difficult to beat the bookmaker at the winter game by a bet to win only, as the horses which stand out are seldom worth backing for a small stake. Winners will not balance the losers. I think the method most likely to show a profit in the long run is a daily double of fancied horses. A couple of 2 to 1 winners total up into a nice win. If you go for likely outsiders, an each way double is a good bet. Most bookmakers will accept them.

**Hogan Is Not Retiring.**

I should like to know how the rumour got about that J. Hogan, Jnr., intends retiring from the saddle at the end of the present cross country season. Hogan has not the slightest intention of doing so and is very keen on riding the winner of a Grand National.

**The Late Martin Gurry.**

Martin Gurry, who died at Christmastime, will always be known as the trainer who never had a bet. He ran his horses for the stake money alone. Gurry turned out a number of famous winners in his time, but one Derby winner. This was Merry Hampton, a horse he trained for Mr. Abindon Baird.

### "JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
*Sporting Life, North Star, Sheffield Early Bird, Leeds Mercury, Glasgow Noon Record, Glasgow Daily Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Plymouth Sports Post, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent* and *Irish News*.

| L | P | M | T | X | V | MM | LL | R |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8 | K | Z | I | B | S | 8 | 8 | H |
| F | C | OO | G | Y | D | O | W | |
| 7 | Q | 2 | U | N | A | J | E | |

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

IJZDRDEP would read TOMAHAWK.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from January 2 to January 8, inclusive.

### PADDOCK PARS.

Epsom trainers had a day out on Boxing Day. They sent out eight winners.

We have said good-bye to the Night Patrol. He has been shipped to Australia.

A last word on the Cambridgeshire. Mr. Pierre Wertheimer says he is quite satisfied with the way Haynes rode Epinard, the French champion.

Stratford, the arch rogue, will not be seen over jumps after all. The ill-tempered brute has been scratched from all engagements.

Mr. Tennant, who won on Maxtol at Hurst Park, is only seventeen years of age. He is a step-son of F. Hartigan, the well-known Weyhill trainer.

Captain Bennet put up a splendid performance when riding Silver Ring to victory at Windsor. Some distance from home he broke a rein, and had to ride the gelding one-handed.

### JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

**Ceinturon.**—Lord Derby's gelding, which was one of the fancied division for the Cesarewitch, is now in Coulthwaite's hands at Hednesford. He is no novice at jumping, having had plenty of experience in France. He should be backed until he wins. Probably this will be first time out.

**Sundrop.**—Poole's horse was very unlucky at Kempton on Boxing Day. He had his race well won when Mebos blundered and knocked him over. He turned up recently at 10 to 1, and will win again very soon.

**Vishnu.**—Landed a nice coup at 8 to 1 at Derby recently after running second to Lifebuoy. He is a sound each way bet whenever he runs.

**Tara Hill.**—This grey will win when he is not up against the top-sawyers. He is not in the class of Civic Guard or Noce d'Argent, but will pop up at a nice price in second-rate company.

**Knockanour.**—A disappointing flat-racer, which looks like making good over the sticks. Fences well, and, for a horse lacking experience, put up a great fight with Down South at Derby.

**Pantagruel II.**—This horse led Epinard in most of his training gallops, and is now in Earl's stable. He shaped well behind Mitchells, when second, at 20 to 1. Will soon be returned a winner.

**Battle Cruiser.**—Can be placed to win. He was second last time out to Stuff Gown. Previous to this was second to Harrovian.

**Boy Mac.**—Would probably have won the Rodney Hurdle at Chelmsford but for a blunder when close home. He is not of much account, but will win a small event.

**Fibber.**—Led the whole way in the race he won at Kempton Park on Boxing Day. In spite of the fact that he won his previous race when a good favourite he was allowed to start at 6 to 1. Fibber is another good each way investment every time he runs.

**Schoolgate.**—Was prominent at Derby for some distance, but took too much out of herself when negotiating the obstacles. Will have benefited by the outing, and is a sure winner when her jumping has been improved.

**Newtown Wonder.**—This horse will do Coulthwaite's stable a good turn very shortly. Could not get on terms with Vishnu at Derby, but was a good second.

**Blazing Corn.**—Is still a good 'chaser and will win plenty of races. After being last most of the way at Kempton on Boxing Day he joined Hawker at the last jump, but had not the necessary pace to gain the verdict. He was not disgraced, as Hawker is a champion.

"SILVER RING."

# Preparing for the Cup

## Teams to Fight in the Second Round

NEXT week will be an anxious time for the managers of the professional football clubs. There seems to be an unusual number of casualties at the moment and a pretty fair percentage of the star players may not appear in the first round ties of the English Cup. I hear of very few teams who are in the meantime to have the alleged recuperative effect of a change at the seaside or at an inland resort.

Such breaks in the regular training are not so popular as they used to be, and I think are resented more than appreciated. I daresay half at least of the first-class players are married, and hotel life does not appeal to them. In any case, a few special baths will be the order instead of much track work where only the hardiest will have survived the heavy holiday programmes.

**Our 32 Successes.**

I read in the daily Press at Christmas time that so successful had Welsh backers been with their coupons on December 22 that a lot of them were not paid their winnings. No doubt JOHN BULL had something to do with this, seeing in my selections were given no fewer than twenty-seven home winners, two away winners and three draws. This is pretty good going even when most of the apparently good things materialise.

I wish readers similar luck with my Cup selections which will be found on this page although current form does not sometimes work out as it should do in these knock-out contests. Next week I can deal fully with the ties and give my reasons for my selections, but I do not expect I shall have to make any revisions.

**Rangers No Cup Fighters.**

The Scottish Cup is not due for another three weeks and the draw does not reveal many particularly interesting ties as most of the big clubs will miss one another. Kilmarnock v. Celtic is one of the exceptions especially as the latter won the Cup last season, and this with a team far less talented than the pre-war Celtic elevens. As I write the Rangers had not this season been beaten so they must think not a little of their chance. Still they have for twenty years been trying to capture the trophy, often when with equally wide resources, and it looks as if they are poor Cup-fighters.

**This Week-End.**

There should be two or three away victories this week-end in the First Division of the League, but I do not expect many people will side with me to choose Bolton Wanderers to win at Goodison Park. Everton, with a very fine half-back line, are playing well just now I admit, but I shall predict success for the Bolton men.

Sunderland are an ever so much better team than Notts County and their forwards have only to play reasonably well for their side to win at Nottingham, while Sheffield United, another well-balanced team, should get the points at Middlesbrough. The only likely draw I can see is Birmingham v. Spurs on the former's enclosure. This leaves home victories for Cardiff, Chelsea, Huddersfield, Newcastle, Preston N.E., West Bromwich and West Ham, but it's very short odds on the latter beating Liverpool.

**"Fans" Excited.**

The position at the top of the Second Division table is exciting enough for any of the promotion "fans." Derby County have picked up as many away points as any team in the country, and they are playing well enough to "go up" later on if they can keep going. I should say, however, they will be content with a draw this week-end at Sheffield with the Wednesday. Leeds United have gone off a bit lately, and they will do well to get a point at Shields. I take them to do so with no great degree of confidence. Another visiting team who should escape defeat is Leicester City who go to Stockport. Home winners should be Bury, Clapton Orient, Palace, Manchester United, Oldham and Stoke, but I am prepared to see Blackpool win at Nelson, and Southampton get both points at Hull.

**Big Task for Ayr.**

In the Scottish League, I do not expect to see the triumphant progress of the Rangers cease at Ayr, but I cannot forecast any other away victories. Home winners appear to me to be Aberdeen, Celtic, Clydebank, Hibernians, Partick Thistle and St. Mirren. Perhaps Kilmarnock may beat Queen's Park on the latter's ground, but I am inclined to think a draw the most likely result, and Dundee and Raith Rovers and Motherwell and Airdrie also ought to draw.

**Villa Satisfied.**

Although you have probably read something quite to the contrary in the daily Press, I have reason to believe that Aston Villa are more than satisfied with Dr. Milne, who has succeeded the late Tom Ball as the regular pivot in the "claret and light blue" team. Milne is one of the type who is better than he looks, just as another looks better than he is. A certain ungainliness is detractive, but he is getting into the Villa style of football.

**The Canny Scot.**

When I met the secretary of a Scottish club a few days back, I remarked I admired the nerve of the directors in putting "ridiculous" prices on some of their players. His reply was somewhat startling. It was "No English manager would look at a cheap player; it's easier to get £2,000 than £200!" Now we know why some reputed stars play like £8 a week men.

### FORECASTS FOR JAN. 12.

**ENGLISH CUP.**

**Home Winners.**

*Derby County, *Fulham, *Exeter City, Manchester U., *Swansea, Norwich, *Liverpool, *Northampton, Leeds U., *West Ham, *Huddersfield, *Swindon, *Arsenal, Barnsley, *Middlesbro, Chelsea, *Manchester C., *Cardiff, *Wolverhampton W., *Burnley.

**Away Winners.**

*West Bromwich, Charlton A., *Sunderland, *Newcastle, *Aston Villa, Bolton W., Notts C., Blackburn R.

**Draws.**

*Blackpool v. Sheffield U., *Wednesday v. Leicester C., Everton v. Preston N.E., Palace v. Spurs.

**THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Northern).**

**Home Winners.**

Doncaster, *Walsall, *Wrexham.

**Draw.**

Lincoln v. Chesterfield.

**THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Southern).**

**Home Winners.**

*Reading.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

**Home Winners.**

*Aberdeen, *Airdrieonians, Clyde, Falkirk, *Hearts, *Kilmarnock, *Morton, *Raith R., *Rangers.

**Draw.**

*Third Lanark v. Celtic.

(For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

**A Cardiff Capture.**

Cardiff, in their remarkable post-war advance in first-class football, owe not a little to Gill. Before Grimshaw left Wales recently, he and Gill were about the best right-wing this side of the Border.

While a finished footballer in every way, and the sort who can make any winger play well, Gill differs from the majority of present-day insides in the very essential matter of goals. In three seasons with Cardiff he got 55, a number that can be assessed at 50 per cent. above average.

Another Gill asset is the quickness with which he makes an opening. Gill has won dozens of prizes on the running track, and as he is naturally quick off the mark he is frequently past the opposing half before the latter can move for a tackle.

Gill is a Yorkshireman who as a lad was in the Sheffield Schoolboys' team which won the English Challenge Shield. Sheffield Wednesday dug him out of minor football in 1918 and have often since regretted they broke the association.

**Our Campaign Followed.**

My views on the backwardness of referees in attempting to control players are well known to readers, and when at Selhurst on Boxing Day for a special purpose as well as to see the football, I noticed the following in the Crystal Palace programme: "Why do professionals, men of repute, descend to childish, not to say paltry, tricks? Deliberate waste of time and dawdling over throws-in is contrary to all ideas of sport. Referees have the power to stop this sort of thing, and it is about time they were given the hint to do so. Moreover, people pay to see football, not exhibitions of childishness."

**Our Tip Taken.**

I questioned the wisdom of leaving Paterson out of the Sunderland team even if Buchan successfully filled his position. There is room for both men and my remarks have been vindicated in the restoration of Paterson. He has not been a bad bargain, and certainly a contrast to Gilhooley, a very expensive purchase, who got crocked directly he went to Sunderland and who has now been placed on the open transfer list. If sound again, however, Gilhooley should quickly find new quarters in these days when good centre-halves are so very scarce.

**Proud Again.**

I also prepared readers for a revival at Preston, and it will surprise me to see the North End in danger of relegation at the end of a couple of months, especially if they do not have a prolonged life in the Cup. Joe McCall has taken on yet another lease of virility and in recent games has touched some of his old form.

**Good Nurseries.**

Blackpool and Barnsley have ever been good nurseries and the Yorkshire club has been a god-send more than once to a First Division side. Waiscoat, who has just gone to Middlesbrough, is but one of dozens of men reared in the hardy Barnsley school who have made big names in the senior division. I daresay Blackpool, too, could get what they asked for Bedford, their centre-forward, who has been a rare scorer lately.


## HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH

**A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method that Clears Out the Head, Nose and Throat.**

**Eight Cigarettes Sent Free.**

There is no disease more offensive or disagreeable or no disease that will lead to as much serious trouble as catarrh. You can now get rid of it by a simple, safe, pleasant home remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser (U.S.A.), a catarrh specialist.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapour is inhaled into all the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

This medicated smoke carries medicine where sprays, douches and ointments cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing and is entirely harmless. If you are a sufferer from catarrh, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or subject to frequent colds, you should try this Remedy without delay.

Any well-stocked chemist's shop can supply Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The new small 1/6 packet contains 20 cigarettes.

A trial package, containing eight cigarettes, will be posted during this week, to any sufferer for 2d. to help cover postage and expense, by Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 D.X.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, to prove their delightful and remarkable effectiveness.

**5/- MONTHLY** are Masters' easy terms for this

**42/- WINTER COAT**

the most beautiful coat you could wish for, made of splendid quality ALL WOOL Blanket Cloth that will keep you warm and snug throughout the winter. Extra broad Astrakhan collar and cuffs, of attractive appearance. In Navy, Nigger, Peacock, Mole and Grey. finished in best style with good size patch pockets and belt. Price 42/-, easy terms. 5/- now and 5/- monthly after delivery. Send 5/- now, and say which colour we shall send you.

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The AMBITION of every woman is to OWN A

**£10 10s. CONEY SEAL FUR COAT**

Here is your opportunity, the coat you have longed for, made of extra quality CONEY SEAL with elegant Brocaded silk lining throughout. The coat of distinctive austrich appearance. The aristocrat of fashion as worn by nobility, this wonderful REAL CONEY SEAL Fur Coat is now within your reach on our monthly payments system. 21/- now and 21/- monthly, terms that you can pay without disturbing your savings. Send 21/- now and dress like the rich man's wife in this handsome coat. Full satisfaction or deposit refunded.

MASTERS, LTD., 93, Hope Stores, RYE. (Estd. 1869)

## VENEREAL DISEASE.

**THE DANGER OF "STOPPING TREATMENT."**

Many sufferers from Venereal Disease get so "tired of treatment" that they cease to attend the doctor or hospital. But the germ does not get tired; it burrows into the deeper tissues, and grave surgical operations are often the result.

No sufferer is safe until he or she has been discharged by the doctor as cured, and any interruption of treatment may delay the cure for months or years and lead to dangerous complications.

Full information can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

*Five useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set, post free.*
*Six useful booklets for Girls, 1/5 the set, post free.*
*Seven useful booklets for Young Men, the set 1/6, post free.*

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

In our issue of December 22nd appeared a full-page advertisement of The Universal Stores, Ltd., 21, Cannon Street, Manchester, making a Special Offer of their 50s. Gramophones.

These high-class British-made Machines (worth 6 guineas) were being offered to JOHN BULL readers for only 40s. if accompanied by a coupon out of our issue of December 22nd.

In fairness to our clients The Universal Stores, and also our readers, as the issue of JOHN BULL was only out on December 19th, it did not allow sufficient time for our readers to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining the goods at the special bargain price, in the time allotted, and we are therefore asked to state that the offer will be open until January 15th to JOHN BULL readers only.

*The Baron of "Lloyd's" says*—
No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "GENEROUS."

Hello, EVERYBODY:—

**WHITE, FISHER & Co.**
**144a, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.**
Calling!!!

**FOOTBALL**—Gigantic Increased Odds.
Our prices are calculated according to the Results, with a minimum as scheduled upon our Coupons.
GUARANTEED—
Seven Leagues. Five Lists. Business on Credit.
Agents wanted.
Full particulars by application.
**RACING**—Systems. Weekly Accounts. No limit. All the year round.
**WE NEVER QUIBBLE.**
Established 27 years.

**BET WITH THE BIG TWO.**
**DAVID COPE.**
**ALFRED H. MAURICE,**
(Established over 25 years)
25, North Albion St., GLASGOW.
**NO LIMIT**
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**
LETTER COMMISSIONS.
DAILY SETTLEMENTS.
*For Credit Accounts only apply to:—*
DAVID COPE, 97 Fleet St., London, E.C.

**THE**
**Football Accountant**
**ALFRED H. MAURICE**
**19, Bride Lane, London, E.C.4**
*Offers Special Concession!*
Become your own Agent and obtain commission from the firm who has paid 20/- in the £ for the past 25 years!

**Bald Men Grow Hair**

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 B.K.), London, W.1.

# National Stud in Danger?

## The Riddle of Lord Wavertree's Gift to the Nation

DURING the past fortnight much controversy has arisen over the rumours that changes are likely to be made in the arrangements of the National Stud. London officially denies the report that the Irish Free State are after the land at Tully, at present owned by the British Government, but the statements in Dublin do not coincide with those of the Great City. However, if eventually drastic alterations are made in connection with Lord Wavertree's gift to the nation, no doubt the two Governments will come to an amicable arrangement.

**One of Ireland's Leading Industries.**

Ireland has never been slow to realise that horse-breeding is one of its leading industries, and, in the South particularly, never under-estimated the importance of maintaining one of its most cherished possessions, and as a result the Irish stud to-day stands as high as it ever did.

**Some of the Stud's Successes.**

During the war the stud paid its way, not only from its sales, but also from the proceeds of a part share of the winnings of horses leased to Lord Lonsdale, two of which, Royal Lancer and Diligence, were good winners, the former capturing both the English and Irish St. Legers.

The flat racing season of 1923 was a most successful one for the National Stud. Over nineteen thousand pounds in stake money was won by thirty horses, and the stud finished sixth in the list of winning breeders. Royal Realm, a son of Persimmon, White Eagle, by Gallinule, Night Hawk, and Great Sport were a few of the sires handed over by Lord Wavertree.

**Captain Bennet's Experience.**

Captain Bennet's bad fall at Wolverhampton was particularly hard lines as it robbed this fine horseman of his chance to head the jumping jockeys' championship. I wish him a speedy recovery.

It is a rare occurrence for a jockey to change into racing livery and then not have a mount. Yet this happened to Captain Bennet on two successive days. At Derby he weighed out for Spicey, which at that moment was en route from Newmarket to Chelmsford, and the day following, at the latter meeting, he donned Colonel Croft's colours with the intention of riding Southerner, but after he had passed the scales the horse could not be found.

**Winter Market for the Derby.**

I notice an effort is being made to form a winter market on the Derby. Of course Diophon is the chosen favourite, but Bright Knight, Donzelon, Sansovino, Arcade, and Salmon Trout all have admirers, but it is much too far ahead yet. We all know what happened to Town Guard last season, so it behoves us to lie low and watch points.

**Chelmsford Going Ahead.**

I am pleased to see the Chelmsford executive are gradually bringing the meeting into line with the better-known courses, and their enterprise met with its just reward as the result of their last efforts, the December meeting proving highly successful. A peculiar feature of the Chelmsford track is that contestants race round a church.

**Still Waiting for Gerald L.**

It was hard luck that the second day's racing at Lingfield had to be abandoned, for Gerald L was due to compete in the Southern Steeplechase against such celebrities as Forewarned, Hawker, which had missed the Open Chase on the previous day for this, Alcazar, Clarice, the Welsh Grand National winner, and others. Everyone is anxious to have another look at Gerald L, who has not run since breaking down at Hurst Park last March.

**A Treat in Store.**

One of the plums of 1924 will be the Ascot Gold Cup. It would draw thousands to Ascot if it were the only race at the meeting. Mr. Sinclair is sending over Zev to compete. He has already lodged the entry with the American Jockey Club, and the race is as good as won. The French—buoyed by their great successes of 1923—intend to carry off the prize with Massine or Filibert, the winner of the Grand Prix. Meanwhile, we have a few which will have a large say in the matter. Zev will find that Papyrus is a different proposition altogether on a genuine race course. Parth will also run, and he has already beaten the French cracks in France.

**The Best Way to Bet.**

Several correspondents have asked me for the best method of staking. I suppose most punters have their own opinion on this subject, but it is very difficult to beat the bookmaker at the winter game by a bet to win only, as the horses which stand out are seldom worth backing for a small stake. Winners will not balance the losers. I think the method most likely to show a profit in the long run is a daily double of fancied horses. A couple of 2 to 1 winners total up into a nice win. If you go for likely outsiders, an each way double is a good bet. Most bookmakers will accept them.

**Hogan Is Not Retiring.**

I should like to know how the rumour got about that J. Hogan, Jnr., intends retiring from the saddle at the end of the present cross country season. Hogan has not the slightest intention of doing so and is very keen on riding the winner of a Grand National.

**The Late Martin Gurry.**

Martin Gurry, who died at Christmas-time, will always be known as the trainer who never had a bet. He ran his horses for the stake money alone. Gurry turned out a number of famous winners in his time, but one Derby winner. This was Merry Hampton, a horse he trained for Mr. Abindon Baird.

### "JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

*Sporting Life, North Star, Sheffield Early Bird, Leeds Mercury, Glasgow Noon Record, Glasgow Daily Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Plymouth Sports Post, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent* and *Irish News*.

| L | P | M | T | X | V | MM | LL | R |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8 | K | Z | I | B | S | 8 | 8 | H |
| F | C | OO | G | Y | D | O | W | |
| 7 | Q | 2 | U | N | A | J | E | |

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

IJZDRDEP would read TOMAHAWK.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from January 2 to January 8, inclusive.

### PADDOCK PARS.

Epsom trainers had a day out on Boxing Day. They sent out eight winners.

We have said good-bye to the Night Patrol. He has been shipped to Australia.

A last word on the Cambridgeshire. Mr. Pierre Wertheimer says he is quite satisfied with the way Haynes rode Epinard, the French champion.

Stratford, the arch rogue, will not be seen over jumps after all. The ill-tempered brute has been scratched from all engagements.

Mr. Tennant, who won on Maxtol at Hurst Park, is only seventeen years of age. He is a step-son of F. Hartigan, the well-known Weyhill trainer.

Captain Bennet put up a splendid performance when riding Silver Ring to victory at Windsor. Some distance from home he broke a rein, and had to ride the gelding one-handed.

### JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

**Ceinturon.**—Lord Derby's gelding, which was one of the fancied division for the Cesarewitch, is now in Coulthwaite's hands at Hednesford. He is no novice at jumping, having had plenty of experience in France. He should be backed until he wins. Probably this will be first time out.

**Sundrop.**—Poole's horse was very unlucky at Kempton on Boxing Day. He had his race well won when Mebos blundered and knocked him over. He turned up recently at 10 to 1, and will win again very soon.

**Vishnu.**—Landed a nice coup at 8 to 1 at Derby recently after running second to Lifebuoy. He is a sound each way bet whenever he runs.

**Tara Hill.**—This grey will win when he is not up against the top-sawyers. He is not in the class of Civic Guard or Noce d'Argent, but will pop up at a nice price in second-rate company.

**Knockanour.**—A disappointing flat-racer, which looks like making good over the sticks. Fences well, and, for a horse lacking experience, put up a great fight with Down South at Derby.

**Pantagruel II.**—This horse led Epinard in most of his training gallops, and is now in Earl's stable. He shaped well behind Mitchells, when second, at 20 to 1. Will soon be returned a winner.

**Battle Cruiser.**—Can be placed to win. He was second last time out to Stuff Gown. Previous to this was second to Harrovian.

**Boy Mac.**—Would probably have won the Rodney Hurdle at Chelmsford but for a blunder when close home. He is not of much account, but will win a small event.

**Fibber.**—Led the whole way in the race he won at Kempton Park on Boxing Day. In spite of the fact that he won his previous race when a good favourite he was allowed to start at 6 to 1. Fibber is another good each way investment every time he runs.

**Schoolgate.**—Was prominent at Derby for some distance, but took too much out of herself when negotiating the obstacles. Will have benefited by the outing, and is a sure winner when her jumping has been improved.

**Newtown Wonder.**—This horse will do Coulthwaite's stable a good turn very shortly. Could not get on terms with Vishnu at Derby, but was a good second.

**Blazing Corn.**—Is still a good 'chaser and will win plenty of races. After being last most of the way at Kempton on Boxing Day he joined Hawker at the last jump, but had not the necessary pace to gain the verdict. He was not disgraced, as Hawker is a champion.

"SILVER RING."

# Preparing for the Cup

## Teams to Fight in the Second Round

NEXT week will be an anxious time for the managers of the professional football clubs. There seems to be an unusual number of casualties at the moment and a pretty fair percentage of the star players may not appear in the first round ties of the English Cup. I hear of very few teams who are in the meantime to have the alleged recuperative effect of a change at the seaside or at an inland resort.

Such breaks in the regular training are not so popular as they used to be, and I think are resented more than appreciated. I daresay half at least of the first-class players are married, and hotel life does not appeal to them. In any case, a few special baths will be the order instead of much track work where only the hardiest will have survived the heavy holiday programmes.

**Our 32 Successes.**

I read in the daily Press at Christmas time that so successful had Welsh backers been with their coupons on December 22 that a lot of them were not paid their winnings. No doubt JOHN BULL had something to do with this, seeing in my selections were given no fewer than twenty-seven home winners, two away winners and three draws. This is pretty good going even when most of the apparently good things materialise.

I wish readers similar luck with my Cup selections which will be found on this page although current form does not sometimes work out as it should do in these knock-out contests. Next week I can deal fully with the ties and give my reasons for my selections, but I do not expect I shall have to make any revisions.

**Rangers No Cup Fighters.**

The Scottish Cup is not due for another three weeks and the draw does not reveal many particularly interesting ties as most of the big clubs will miss one another. Kilmarnock v. Celtic is one of the exceptions especially as the latter won the Cup last season, and this with a team far less talented than the pre-war Celtic elevens. As I write the Rangers had not this season been beaten so they must think not a little of their chance. Still they have for twenty years been trying to capture the trophy, often when with equally wide resources, and it looks as if they are poor Cup-fighters.

**This Week-End.**

There should be two or three away victories this week-end in the First Division of the League, but I do not expect many people will side with me to choose Bolton Wanderers to win at Goodison Park. Everton, with a very fine half-back line, are playing well just now I admit, but I shall predict success for the Bolton men.

Sunderland are an ever so much better team than Notts County and their forwards have only to play reasonably well for their side to win at Nottingham, while Sheffield United, another well-balanced team, should get the points at Middlesbrough. The only likely draw I can see is Birmingham v. Spurs on the former's enclosure. This leaves home victories for Cardiff, Chelsea, Huddersfield, Newcastle, Preston N.E., West Bromwich and West Ham, but it's very short odds on the latter beating Liverpool.

**"Fans" Excited.**

The position at the top of the Second Division table is exciting enough for any of the promotion "fans." Derby County have picked up as many away points as any team in the country, and they are playing well enough to "go up" later on if they can keep going. I should say, however, they will be content with a draw this week-end at Sheffield with the Wednesday. Leeds United have gone off a bit lately, and they will do well to get a point at Shields. I take them to do so with no great degree of confidence. Another visiting team who should escape defeat is Leicester City who go to Stockport. Home winners should be Bury, Clapton Orient, Palace, Manchester United, Oldham and Stoke, but I am prepared to see Blackpool win at Nelson, and Southampton get both points at Hull.

**Big Task for Ayr.**

In the Scottish League, I do not expect to see the triumphant progress of the Rangers cease at Ayr, but I cannot forecast any other away victories. Home winners appear to me to be Aberdeen, Celtic, Clydebank, Hibernians, Partick Thistle and St. Mirren. Perhaps Kilmarnock may beat Queen's Park on the latter's ground, but I am inclined to think a draw the most likely result, and Dundee and Raith Rovers and Motherwell and Airdrie also ought to draw.

**Villa Satisfied.**

Although you have probably read something quite to the contrary in the daily Press, I have reason to believe that Aston Villa are more than satisfied with Dr. Milne, who has succeeded the late Tom Ball as the regular pivot in the "claret and light blue" team. Milne is one of the type who is better than he looks, just as another looks better than he is. A certain ungainliness is detractive, but he is getting into the Villa style of football.

**The Canny Scot.**

When I met the secretary of a Scottish club a few days back, I remarked I admired the nerve of the directors in putting "ridiculous" prices on some of their players. His reply was somewhat startling. It was "No English manager would look at a cheap player; it's easier to get £2,000 than £200!" Now we know why some reputed stars play like £3 a week men.

### FORECASTS FOR JAN. 12.

**ENGLISH CUP.**

**Home Winners.**

*Derby County, *Fulham, *Exeter City, Manchester U., *Swansea, Norwich, *Liverpool, *Northampton, Leeds U., *West Ham, *Huddersfield, *Swindon, *Arsenal, Barnsley, *Middlesbro, Chelsea, *Manchester C., *Cardiff, *Wolverhampton W., *Burnley.

**Away Winners.**

*West Bromwich, Charlton A., *Sunderland, *Newcastle, *Aston Villa, Bolton W., Notts C., Blackburn R.

**Draws.**

*Blackpool v. Sheffield U., *Wednesday v. Leicester C., Everton v. Preston N.E., Palace v. Spurs.

**THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Northern).**

**Home Winners.**

Doncaster, *Walsall, *Wrexham.

**Draw.**

Lincoln v. Chesterfield.

**THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (Southern).**

**Home Winners.**

*Reading.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

**Home Winners.**

*Aberdeen, *Airdrieonians, Clyde, Falkirk, *Hearts, *Kilmarnock, *Morton, *Raith R., *Rangers.

**Draw.**

*Third Lanark v. Celtic.

(For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

**A Cardiff Capture.**

Cardiff, in their remarkable post-war advance in first-class football, owe not a little to Gill. Before Grimshaw left Wales recently, he and Gill were about the best right-wing this side of the Border.

While a finished footballer in every way, and the sort who can make any winger play well, Gill differs from the majority of present-day insides in the very essential matter of goals. In three seasons with Cardiff he got 55, a number that can be assessed at 50 per cent. above average.

Another Gill asset is the quickness with which he makes an opening. Gill has won dozens of prizes on the running track, and as he is naturally quick off the mark he is frequently past the opposing half before the latter can move for a tackle.

Gill is a Yorkshireman who as a lad was in the Sheffield Schoolboys' team which won the English Challenge Shield. Sheffield Wednesday dug him out of minor football in 1918 and have often since regretted they broke the association.

**Our Campaign Followed.**

My views on the backwardness of referees in attempting to control players are well known to readers, and when at Selhurst on Boxing Day for a special purpose as well as to see the football, I noticed the following in the Crystal Palace programme: "Why do professionals, men of repute, descend to childish, not to say paltry, tricks? Deliberate waste of time and dawdling over throws-in is contrary to all ideas of sport. Referees have the power to stop this sort of thing, and it is abont time they were given the hint to do so. Moreover, people pay to see football, not exhibitions of childishness."

**Our Tip Taken.**

I questioned the wisdom of leaving Paterson out of the Sunderland team even if Buchan successfully filled his position. There is room for both men and my remarks have been vindicated in the restoration of Paterson. He has not been a bad bargain, and certainly a contrast to Gilhooley, a very expensive purchase, who got crocked directly he went to Sunderland and who has now been placed on the open transfer list. If sound again, however, Gilhooley should quickly find new quarters in these days when good centre-halves are so very scarce.

**Proud Again.**

I also prepared readers for a revival at Preston, and it will surprise me to see the North End in danger of relegation at the end of a couple of months, especially if they do not have a prolonged life in the Cup. Joe McCall has taken on yet another lease of virility and in recent games has touched some of his old form.

**Good Nurseries.**

Blackpool and Barnsley have ever been good nurseries and the Yorkshire club has been a god-send more than once to a First Division side. Waiscoat, who has just gone to Middlesbrough, is but one of dozens of men reared in the hardy Barnsley school who have made big names in the senior division. I daresay Blackpool, too, could get what they asked for Bedford, their centre-forward, who has been a rare scorer lately.


## HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH

**A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method that Clears Out the Head, Nose and Throat,**

**Eight Cigarettes Sent Free.**

There is no disease more offensive or disagreeable or no disease that will lead to as much serious trouble as catarrh. You can now get rid of it by a simple, safe, pleasant home remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser (U.S.A.), a catarrh specialist.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapour is inhaled into all the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

This medicated smoke carries medicine where sprays, douches and ointments cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing and is entirely harmless. If you are a sufferer from catarrh, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or subject to frequent colds, you should try this Remedy without delay.

Any well-stocked chemist's shop can supply Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The new small 1/6 packet contains 20 cigarettes.

A trial package, containing eight cigarettes, will be posted during this week, to any sufferer for 2d. to help cover postage and expense, by Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 D.X.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, to prove their delightful and remarkable effectiveness.

**5/- MONTHLY**

*are Masters' easy terms for this*

**42/- WINTER COAT**

the most beautiful coat you could wish for/ made of splendid quality ALL WOOL Blanket Cloth that will keep you warm and snug throughout the winter. Extra broad Astrakhan collar and cuffs, of attractive appearance. In Navy, Nigger, Peacock, Mole and Grey. finished in best style with good size patch pockets and belt. Price 42/-, easy terms. 5/- now and 5/- monthly after delivery. Send 5/- now, and say which colour we shall send you.

The AMBITION of every woman is to OWN A

**£10 10s. CONEY SEAL FUR COAT**

Here is your opportunity, the coat you have longed for, made of extra quality CONEY SEAL with elegant Brocaded silk lining throughout. The coat of distinctive and chic appearance. The aristocrat of fashion as worn by nobility, this wonderful REAL CONEY SEAL Fur Coat is now within your reach on our monthly payments system. 21/- now and 21/- monthly, terms that you can pay without disturbing your savings. Send 21/- now and dress like the rich man's wife in this handsome coat. Full satisfaction or deposit refunded.

Foreign orders C.O.D. 10% Dpsit. Irish orders, Full cash only. No. 3.

MASTERS, LTD., 83, Hope Stores, RYE. (Estd. 1869)

## VENEREAL DISEASE.

**THE DANGER OF "STOPPING TREATMENT."**

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Full information can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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# John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. Any flippant replies on this page are made in good part. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through a letter to JOHN BULL. Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals free of charge with Legal, Financial, Pensions and in fact all kinds of inquiries by post if a stamped addressed envelope for the reply is enclosed. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

P. A. (Ayr).—"I call it a rotten shame." That's bad!

S. K. (Coxwold).—"There are two sides to every question." Certainly in this case there's our side and yours.

T. P. (Goole).—"I am not a regular reader of JOHN BULL." That's why you're not up-to-date in your views.

B. M. (Redcar).—"Germany is mighty slow at paying up." Perhaps she's waiting for the war to come to an end.

G. A. (Mold).—"Why do you object to cranks?" Because a crank is a little thing that causes a revolution.

J. R. (Harrow).—"The Mormons seem to be quiet just now." Things are not always as they seem. You will have seen the point if you've read page .

A. A. (Fulham)—"The Westminster 'talking shop' will soon be in full blast again." Never mind—the price of gas is about to be reduced.

Y. L. (Leeds).—"Boys won't come to lather in a barber's shop." They've probably been impressed by this "safety first" movement.

S. F. (Whitby).—"I consider your paper is beautifully and honestly constructed." When we read your letter we shed tears of gratitude.

DOLLY (Leyton).—"Before the war you could get husbands two a penny." And even then many of them were dear at the price.

D. V. (Bedford).—"It is time some of these rogues were found out." We found a few out last week as you will see.

A. N. (Hornsea).—"I just send you this for the fun of the thing." You've got a queer sense of humour!

W. B. (Perth)—"We have to wash at 5 a.m. each morning." A scrub in time saves being late for breakfast!

W. G. (Hayes).—"Many men learnt to shave themselves during the late war." Many certainly had close shaves.

P. A. C. (Louth).—"I have taken a step that was inevitable." So did the boys in 1914. Carry on, and keep smiling.

MRS. B. (Hoxton).—"She has no time to write. Six stockings and a turkey do take some stuffing." We understand, and reciprocate her good wishes.

J. K. (Smethwick).—"Will you please cause enquiries to be made?" We will not only cause but effect.

MR. L. (Reading).—"He says he is a man of no business experience." We strongly advise you to keep your hands in your pockets.

POPPY (Pimlico).—"I was getting a bit of my own back." Having got it, don't let yourself go again.

S. M. J. (Leeds).—"I do wish people would be punctual." As a general rule, we agree. But what about the income-tax man?

SUSAN R. (Mile End).—"How we managed it, I don't know." But seeing the kiddies faces when they woke up, you didn't care, eh?

"STRANDED" (Wigan).—"We are all in the same boat." Then pull together, and you'll avoid being on the rocks.

W.L.Y. (Torquay).—"It seems to be a case of loss of memory." Or possibly "out of sight, out of mind."

T. T. R. (Bournemouth).—"The event has not affected our friendship." That's good. But can you say the same of your bank balance?

VIOLET (Tottenham).—"I am an enthusiastic theatre-goer." And a very good way of warming your hands too!

J. C. A. (Southend).—"I feel that I have arrived at cross-roads." That's better than coming to the end of a blind alley. Cheer up!

J. H. B. (Rochester).—"I would receive him with open arms." That's where you make a mistake. From your description he seems to need closed fists.

BEATRICE (Leicester).—"If one may be so bold—I have waited quite long enough." Never mind, it is now Leap Year.

E. W. D. (New Barnet).—"I will not be mixed up in it." You're probably right—everything has been a mix up lately in domestic circles.

W. M. (Golders Green).—"A complete knowledge of international affairs is clearly the business man's capital." Then you appear to be bankrupt.

J. F. S (Upper Holloway).—"JOHN BULL beats all the others for sincerity and real information, so much so, that I am going through the back numbers." Which shows *you're* not quite up-to-date.

L. S. (Birmingham). —"Tell me honestly what do you think of the conclusion I have come to?" After wading through five pages we think you haven't come to it quickly enough.

M. P. (Small Heath).—"Our masters, that is to say our members of Parliament, are mere babies." Little wonder they seem to be asleep half the time.

W. B. (Smethwick).—"Half the people who get into financial trouble do so because they live too high." In the air, as it were. But they have to wake up when they're *summoned* back to Earth.

E. P. (Brighton).—"Let us get below the surface." One diving helmet forward, please!

Mrs. E. S. (Lydd).—"I am not a regular reader of your paper, but I take it occasionally to see what the world in general is talking about." Then, according to your own admission, you know what "the world in general is talking about" only occasionally. Shame!

P. I. (Morecambe).—"Very often the man who is decidedly ugly has a charm about him." That's us exactly! We carry ours on our watch-chain.

P. R. (Dundee).—"A man in a job without prospects must be very cramped." Many, in such circumstances, change their positions.

T. I. R. (Jersey).—"Quite frequently I disagree with you." Then quite frequently you're wrong.

A. G. G. (Luton).—"He doesn't look like an artist." The point is, does he draw like one?

T. T. D. (Bristol).—"The look in the eyes is the surest index that a man has lost his temper." He looks cross-eyed we suppose.

E. D. C. (Dewsbury).—"You are perfectly correct, it was foolish of me to write you as I did." Never mind! you wouldn't have known how foolish you were if you hadn't written us.

O. G. (Hitchin).—"But when my wife mends my socks I can't wear them, they chafe my feet." Darned awful!

W. P. (Mitcham).—"All your old pals gather round you about Christmastime." But so many of them are "Bills."

F. N. L. (Sudbury).—It seems to me that it is the dark girl who gets all the attention these days." That's not fair.

M. S. (Wicklow).—"Give them some funny clothes to wear and the kiddies will be thoroughly happy, for all children like getting dressed up." Just as they hate getting dressed down.

P. S. (Mill Hill).—"Acts of Parliament are always worded so that it is practically impossible to understand what they mean." Then the lawyers start collecting fees for pointing out what they *don't*.

P. S. O. (Chadwell Heath).—"I am sensible that I am not a very good writer." But if you were still more sensible you would write more sense.

W. T. (Edmonton).—"There is very little coming in these days." And so darned much going out!

Mrs. F. W. (Frankby).—"At last I've got a home sweet home and happy I shall be; Old England's kept her promise to her faithful men and me." What a shame it will be, now you're nicely set up; when somebody tells you it's time to get up.

L. R. T. (Highbury).—"It makes me mad to think that, had I remembered your warning, I would have saved myself being fleeced." No wonder you've lost your wool!

H. M. (Dartford).—"This country is simply overrun with German made mechanical toys." In our experience most of them won't run at all.

L. G. (Durban).—"Why women wear these thin silk stockings I don't know. They must be as cold as charity." Certainly they cover a multitude of shins.

H. T. (Cardiff).—"The poor overburdened tax-payer gets no consideration whatever." And very little credit.

H. P. (Kirkheaton).—"It is the unthinking few who must try to lead the unthinking many." Our policy is to teach the unthinking many to think for themselves.

N. M. (Finbow).—"The majority of people during the festive season practically live on poultry." You are right, but we presume that now they will be getting back to their muttons.

N. Z. (Petworth).—"A knowledge of the land is an education in itself." We cannot admit that we are the least mouldy on the subject.

P. N. (E.6).—"I have notice to quit from my house, while the opposite side of the road is swarmed with negroes." We are indeed sorry for your black outlook.

B. G. (Woodside Park).—"A cold snap will play havoc with the water supply." But what a piping time for plumbers.

F. P. (Didsbury).—"Many intelligent housewives believe that they are quite entitled to a day off occasionally." Just as many intelligent husbands believe they are entitled to a night out.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*

## Straight from the Shoulder

RAMSAY MACDONALD:—We have won a great victory.

*What you really have done is to maintain your voting strength in the country and win a number of three-cornered fights on a minority vote. Don't get swelled head.*

* * *

MR. CLYNES:—Party prospects should be subordinated to getting things done.

*Impress that on your colleagues. Some of them badly need the advice.*

* * *

PROFESSOR FLAMM:—I have more faith in the submarine than in the League of Nations.

*Such faith lost Germany the war, and you have learnt nothing from the experience.*

MR. J. BROMLEY:—In the event of the members rejecting the award our first duty will be to inform the railway companies of the mandate to call a national strike.

*Rubbish! Your first duty will be to reopen negotiations to prevent a national strike.*

* * *

M. POINCARE:—It has been stated that the occupation (of the Ruhr) has damaged British trade. I cannot allow such a legend to be circulated.

*You can come out of the Ruhr and allow our unemployed to find jobs. They are the proof of the "legend."*

A. E. R. (Aberystwyth).—"I want to insure against all possible risks." Honesty, in married life, is the best insurance policy. Be open with her.

W. R. S. (Bognor).—"The moneyed and leisured classes are steeped in sin." Perhaps that's why they are so often referred to as being "in the swim."

R. A. F. (Redcar).—"Bankrupt statistics prove that the average woman does not make a success of business." Excepting, of course, the business of getting married.

R. T. (Poole).—"I am one of your constant readers." Congratulations! You're one of a million.

M. T. (Andover).—"May 1924 be your luckiest year." Thanks! And may 1923 have been your *un-luckiest*.

W. K. (Bradford).—"Vegetarians always want to cram their opinions down your throat." So long as they don't do likewise with their vegetables, why worry?

J. R. P. (Leicester).—"When we returned home icicles were hanging all round the drawing room." What a frieze!

S. P. L. (Lincoln).—"Over the least little thing he goes black in the face with temper." The sweep!

R. W. (Port Talbot).—"While walking down Port Talbot Docks this morning, I came across the harbour master." And a very likely place to find him, too!

P. W. F. (Torquay).—"I have turned over a new leaf for 1924." Now turn over one more and look at *Bullets* wonderful new prize-list.

# Motoring for the Million

*by* MOTOMAC

1924, WELCOME! You should be the biggest motoring year the Old Country has yet seen. More cars, better cars, cheaper cars. The only thing that changeth not is the tax.

There is hope even there. The Committee in its wisdom seems to be fighting shy of the Petrol Tax, and in that they show a little more sense than most of the motoring societies. They are further convinced that the H.P. tax has its weaknesses, and cry loudly for an alteration.

Having once suggested total abolition as the simplest solution, and having been regarded as a black-leg by all those privileged tax-payers, I fall back on a reasonable compromise, the thing beloved by the politician above all else.

Tax us on cubic capacity (that is of the engine). For the sake of simplicity, let it be one pound per thousand C.C., no abatement for any part of a thousand. We could all agree to that to begin with. Under such a scheme a 16 H.P. Sunbeam would be taxed about £8 per annum.

Revenue, of course, would fall a little for a year or two, but only until we felt the effect of the reform.

ENCOURAGEMENT to motoring would of necessity result in more cars being built, and under our existing scheme for raising the wind, nationally and locally, the tax collector and rate collector would both get a rise.

What we lost on the swings we would make up on the roundabouts. We might even under such a scheme, catch up to America, and have as many cars per head of the population as she has, if as motorists we were only decently encouraged instead of being improperly penalised.

Some will never agree, I know, for if there is one thing they are proud of, it is the fact that almost unaided they maintain our roads. Not being of a selfish nature, I am willing to let all and sundry participate in that patriotic duty.

In any case, don't forget to pay the tax now due before taking the 'bus out. We can at any rate look forward to some pleasure when we have taken out our annual permit to enjoy the air and the sunshine. We get something for the money and that cannot be said of every tax by a long way.

AT the beginning of another year of enjoyment think of other people. Roads will be more crowded than ever. Take for your motto, "Safety First."

It has been proved that even a well-braked car going at 40 miles per hour cannot be brought to a standstill in less than 80 yards. Round a bend or out of a side road something appears suddenly.

At 40 miles you have to think quickly. Your head may be clear and your hand steady, but the other fellow may be in a blue fit, and everybody is sorry.

Put the pedal down if you like when conditions are favourable. Don't forget that the motor bike in front may hold a policeman, but when in doubt, don't.

I have never yet had occasion to be sorry for taking care. Luck has sometimes held even when I forgot to take care, but the longer at the game the more cautious we become.

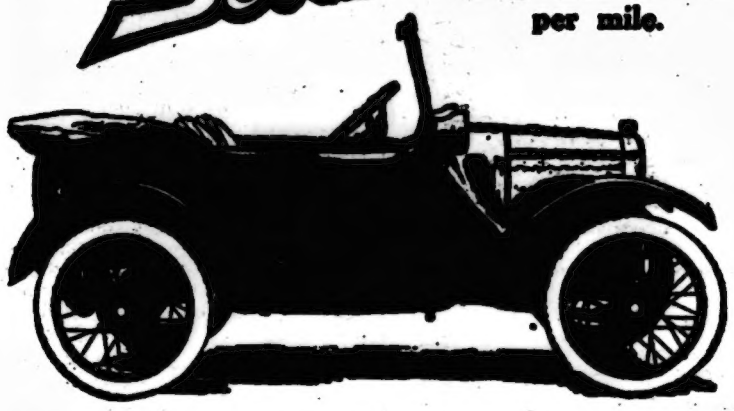
Don't trust signs by other motorists, or even policemen. When at the wheel rely only on your own judgment. Take no risk, be ever considerate, and at the end of the year there will be a rebate on your insurance.

* * *

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 2.


# Car or Combination?

The Austin Seven gives car comfort and protection at the price of a combination. Running cost is 1d. per mile.



Seats two adults with children, has electric lighting and horn, and complete all weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is watercooled, three speeds are provided and brakes on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun. Mechanical starter.

**£165**

*Write for "Motoring at Trentham" depicting the car for shopping, business use, and week-end jaunts with the children.*

THE AUSTIN MOTOR Co., Ltd., Longbridge, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1. (*near Marble Arch*).

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The Genuine famous SARTOR is manufactured from a fully proofed GABARDINE, with warm cosy check lining, finished with individual care and suited to all weathers.

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Musterole ensures quick relief from neuralgia. When those sharp pains go shooting through your head, just rub a little of this clean, white ointment on your temples and neck.

Musterole is made with oil of mustard, but will not burn or blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

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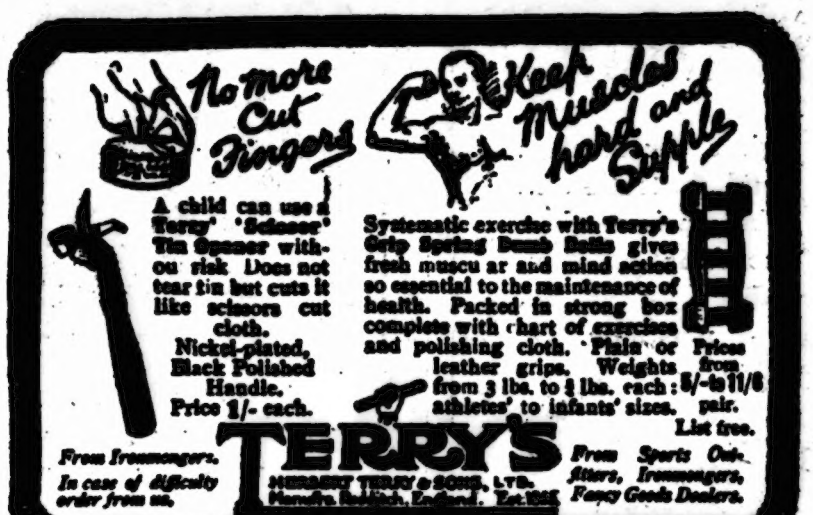
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Systematic exercise with Terry's Grip Spring Dumb Bells gives fresh muscular and mind action so essential to the maintenance of health. Packed in strong box complete with chart of exercises and polishing cloth. Plain or leather grips. Weights from 3 lbs. to 1 lbs. each: athletes' to infants' sizes. Prices from 5/- to 11/6 pair. List free.
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A Combined Winter Overcoat and Raincoat. Includes fur cold weather use a Detachable Wool lining, which can be removed in a minute for mild, rainy weather.

Price complete, 63/- carriage paid. Also in Navy Blue, 63/- carriage paid.

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from the moment you possess the Ju-Ju Egyptian Mascot—the wonderful luck bringer. Luck is something real which can be explained. Thousands have turned Fortune's frown to a winning smile with Ju-Ju's magic, and delightfully write like this:

I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week. I, since receiving almost my luck has been phenomenal.—R. W., London.

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Money refunded if not approved.

# Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Whooping Cough

**Reduce the Air Ration below Health Point.**

The natural consequence is that the breathing is affected, the bronchial tubes or bronchi become inflamed, and cough, more or less serious, follows. If neglected the entire respiratory system is weakened, and that way consumption lies. Children suffer more frequently from such complaints than do their elders, the death-rate among the very young being truly appalling and in too many instances due entirely to thoughtless neglect.

**The World's Supreme Remedy**

is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, so called because of the rapidity with which it overcomes chronic coughs and cures deep-seated and long-standing cases of any of the above-named troubles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure was

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for its purity, efficacy, and pharmaceutical excellence.

*Ask always for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. Sold by Chemists, Stores, and Medicine Dealers throughout the Empire.*

*Reduced facsimile of original package. Refuse all imitations & substitutes*

**Home Price, 1s. 3d.; Family Size, 3s.**

# Veno's LIGHTNING Cough Cure


# JOBS FOR JOB

## Patience Brings Widows' Belated Rewards

IF there is one job which requires more than another the patience of Job, it is the task of securing belated recognition by the Ministry of Pensions of the claims of poverty-stricken dependents of gallant soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice for their King and country.

More than three months ago we drew attention to the pathetic plight of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, a veteran mother of soldier sons of whom the nation should be proud. Widow of a sergeant in the 19th Royal Hussars (Queen Alexandra's Own), she gave two sons to the country, and when they were killed was awarded a pension of a pound a week. Then some busybody discovered that this poor old widow of sixty-four was earning a little money by menial work, and her pension was reduced to four shillings and twopence in the interests of national economy!

After struggling on for a time she came to us in a state practically of starvation. We relieved her more pressing needs from "The Greatest of These——" Fund, and set about securing recognition of her claims.

It was a long business, but patience was at last rewarded, and just before Christmas she received an intimation that her pension would henceforth be increased to 15s. a week. She came again to us with tears of gratitude in her eyes to thank us for our help in the matter and the assistance afforded by the Fund.

Another case was that of a widow whose husband had died. She was refused a pension on the ground that his death was not due to war service, and she and her children were reduced to almost the last extremity of want. Once more the Fund provided relief while we pressed her claims on the Ministry, and after two months waiting she was awarded 20s. 3d. for herself and 22s. 6d. for her children.

You may remember that Job, recalling the days of his prosperity, said: "I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

We are always ready to do our best to bring comfort and joy to those suffering ones who are left neglected, but while we are doing so, hungry mothers must be fed and shivering children warmly clad. Help us to make the widows sing by contributing as generously as you can to "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

# "The Greatest of These——"

*Registered under the War Charities Act as the* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These——" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thirsty, 7½d.; Mrs. E. Rennison, parcel; F. H. T. (Truro), 1s. 4d., J. W., 5s.; "Unemployed," 1s.; Will Desperandum," 1s.; H. P. (Minehead), 4½d.; M. C. (Blackpool), 2s.; A. B. Househunter, 10½d.; "Pilgrim," 1s.; "A Matelow's Ninth," 1s. 7½d.; "Damstellish Three Ninths," 1s.; J. D. A., 10d.; "Dry Toast," 2s. 6d.; "Poor Man," 2½d.; "Ulua," 2s.; A. S. Westlands, 1s.; Bucklebury, 5s.; "Poor but Unselfish," 2d.; "Woodbines," 5d.; "Harrogate," 5s.; "First Ninth," 1s. 4d.; "Sotah," 6d.; "Tusk," 1s. 6d.; E. V. H., 5s.; J. B. C. P. H., 6d.; "To Some Friend From a Friend," 2s.; R. M., 5s.; "Drummagem Button," 1s. 4d.; Spitalfields," 2s. 6d.; "Hard Up," 6d.; Anon., 6d.; M. Hinsks, 2s. 3d.; J. W. B., 5s.; M. S., parcel; "Widower," parcel; C. Mackay, 2s.; F. E. M. L., 2s. 6d.; W. E. W., 1s. 6d.; S. F., 2s. 6d.; "Another Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "A Widow's Mite," 1s. 3d.; G. H. S., 2s.; "Ninth" (Warwick), 4d.; "Invalid," 1s.; "A Reader," 10d.; E. E. B., 1s. 4½d.; "Tweedside," 5s.; "Lesswidden," 5s.; "A Widow," 3s. 1d.; Highsan," 2s. 6d.; "Walcall," 1s. 1½d.; "Old Bill," 6d.; "Two Ninths," 7d.; "Scaty," 1s.; "Eadie," 6d.; W. A. Tyson, 10d.; "Pug," 2½d.; "Gravesend," 1s. 6d.; "Tender-Hearted," 1s.; A. P. (Earlsfield), 7s. 1d.; "Fourth Ninth," 1s.; "Moorland," 9d.; G. L., 5d.; "Queenie" (Heslemere), 1s.; Mrs. Rayner, 6d.; "Wireless Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Third Ninth," 1s. 2d.; Anon., 2d.; "Unlucky Ben," 2½d.; "Desperate," 4½d.; "Poor Chick," 7d.; "Wellwisher," 6d.; "My Little Mite," 1s.; J. Sutherland, 4s. 2d.; "A Ninth," 2s. 2½d.; "Office Girl," 7d.; "Gadger," 2d.; "City Typist," 7d.; E. J. F., 10d.; "Imp," 1s. 6d.; "Shaky," 6d.; T. C., 1s.; "Millhill," 2s. 2d.; Mrs. F. E. E., 6d.; "Wise and Wan," 10½d.; "G. P.'s Wife," 9½d.; "Cumnock," 2s. 1½d.; "Lucy's Ninth," 1s.; "Second Ninth," 4½d.; "Scrub," 1s.; "Gratitude," 2s. 6d.; "Good Hope," 2½d.; "Working Man," 7d.; H. V. H., 4½d.; "Stratford," 6d.; "A May's Mite," 1s.; Mrs. M. Cook, 2s. 9d.; "Asslelon," 6d.; From "Dunbury," parcel; L. Howard, parcel; A. L. T., 2½d.; E. Richmond, 2½d.; "Every Little Helps," 5d.; "Smithery," 7½d.; "Foll Lane," 6d.; "Large Ninth, J. M.," 2s.; "Unemployed," 2½d.; "E. Grinstead," 6d.; "Misfortunate," 6d.; Miss C. H., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 4d.; "For Luck," 1½d.; A. D. (Caerphilly), 2½d.; From "One of the 776163," 6d.; E. E., 1s. 6d.; "Another Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Hopeful Ninth," 2d.; "Ashton-u-Lyne," 1s.; "Overdue Ninth," 1s. 2d.; "Another Ninth, A. K.," 6s.; E. M. F. (Lincs), 2s. 6d.; "Melton Mowbray," 10d.; "Cream," 1s.; M. T. P., 2½d.; "Robert," 6d.; Mrs. E. Rayner, 2½d.; "True Friend," 2s. 6d.; "Wife and Sold," 2s.; M. M. (Edinburgh), 1s.; "Berks," 1s. 2d.; "Birthday," 2½d.; A. G., 1s.; "Ninth," 12s. 2d.; M. C., 1s.; "Opt," 1s. 6d.; "Everything Dead Wrong," 2½d.; "Tamworth," 1s.; "Horncbee," 2½d.; "Cleeton-on-Sea," 1s.; "Unlucky A. E. H.," 2s. 2½d.; Mrs. E. D., 1s.

"Ku-We," A Ninth for Luck, 6s.; W., 6d.; E. V. H. (Epsom), 2s. 2½d.; "A Ninth and a Bit Over," 2s.; M. Clifford, 1s. 6d.; "X-Service," 1s. 6d.; "Third from Bressing Sturgeon," 2½d.; P. W. Crook, 1s.; "Cheerwin," 2s. 7d.; "Sutton-in-Ashfield," 1s.; "One Ninth, Alfredo," 5s.; J. B., 7d.; "Stepping Stone," 4d.; C. W. Martin, 2s. 1d.; "Preston" (Faversham), 1s. 5½d.; "Hopeful Draper," 2s. 6½d.; E. E. (Tonypandy), 6d.; "A Miner (Coal)," 1s. 6d.;

(*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*)


**Grand Distribution of**

# "JOHN BULL'S" Golden Gift Sets

*A New Year's Concession. Offer extended for two weeks*

The reception of our great offer has been so phenomenal that, at the request of many of our readers, we have decided to extend the offer for a further two weeks. This is your last chance. Send 5/1 (which includes 3d. for postage) to "JOHN BULL" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2. Don't be too late.

**THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE**

*We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in* JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

# "Bullets" New Year Surprise

TRANQUILITY and our *Bullets* competitions have nothing in common. Only last week we printed the result of our huge Christmas contest; this week we publish full details of *Bullets* New Year Surprise.

On two recent occasions, *Bullets* prize-lists have contained not only a sensational First Prize, but a series of big cash awards for the "runners-up." Competitors have so warmly welcomed these graded offers that this new *Bullets* prize-list, first appearing this week, has been planned on similar lines.

*Bullets* First Prize, the blue ribbon of the competition world, remains at the comfortable figure of £250, but the Second Prize, which hitherto stood at £50, now soars to £100. The Third Prize has also been substantially increased, for £50 now takes the place of the former £10. Nor is that all.

The famous "*Bullets* Big Three" (as the eleven oldest *Bullets* prizes have been popularly known) must now give place to "*Bullets* Big Five," since we are now adding new Fourth and Fifth Prizes to the list. These new Prizes, £25 and £10 respectively, will be followed by the ten £2 and ten £1 16s. awards which have so long been a feature of our weekly offers.

There will thus be twenty-five printed prize-winning *Bullets* in the new weekly results—by far the longest list of winning efforts that is published in any literary competition to-day.

In addition to this wonderful sequence of big cash prizes, the hundred £1 awards will be continued, as well as all the other cash and "Target" prizes—that lengthy list which has built up for *Bullets* such an enthusiastic body of winning competitors.

As you can see for yourself, the new *Bullets* prize-list offers you some wonderful opportunities of winning big prizes in 1924. There can be few better New Year resolutions than: "I will get into the *Bullets* Big Five!"

## A Useless Appeal.

With an entry from Cleobury Mortimer comes a pencilled note:—"I have been entering *Bullets* for several months now—surely it is my turn for the First Prize this week?" We receive many such appeals for *Bullets* prizes, but all are ignored, and the accompanying *Bullets* are judged on their merits alone. For the benefit of the competitor who sent this particular note, and of others who hope to profit by such special pleading, we repeat our infallible rule—*the one and only way to secure a Bullets prize is to submit a Bullet which deserves one.*

## "Bullets" Turkeys.

Many grateful letters have been received from winners of *Bullets* Turkeys.

"Thanks so much for Turkey safely received—the *Bullet* was my first attempt."—W. H. (Peterborough). "Very many thanks—the Turkey is a lovely bird. If I had not won it, I should have had to be content with the usual beef for Christmas."—H. W. (Newport). "*Bullets* Turkey safely received—it is a real beauty and quite up to the usual JOHN BULL standard."—W. H. (Blackburn).

Please accept my sincerest thanks for the splendid turkey safely received. We greatly enjoyed it for Christmas dinner to-day, and it was beautifully tender and tasty. As an ex-Service man who has not had the best of luck since the war, I can assure you that the prize was greatly appreciated."—W.V.O. (Bridgend).

But *Bullets* Turkeys are a Christmas extra, and come but once a year. Remember, however, that *Bullets* £1 prizes come every week, and in blocks of a hundred. Try a well-aimed *Bullet* this week and one may flutter to your feet.

## LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 508.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
WHAT LABOUR WILL DO
AT THE SALE
OUR GOVERNMENT
UNOPPOSED
PASSING THE HAT
THE WRONG HOUSE
MARKING TIME
ABROAD
ANOTHER TRY
AS YOU WERE
HEALTHY
COUNTED OUT
MY TURN
THE OTHER SIDE
A PUZZLE
MISTRESS AND MAID
WORKING ALONE
A CLEAR ROAD
CUT SHORT
WHEN FATHER SPEAKS
MARKED MAN
AFTER THE PARTY
NEVER DONE
IF RICH ENOUGH
GOOD HUSBAND
FRESH START
FAIR MEMBER
DIFFICULT JOB
MISPLACED
HER PROPOSAL
CLEARING UP

## "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the late of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of Competition No. 505 will be published in next week's issue.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' ORDER.—Shortage for 4d., 6d. and 8d. respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Coupons of the Three other "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 505 were purchased (only copies of "John Bull").

## HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three or Four words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—CAPITAL LEVY *Bullet*:—WISH IT WORRIED ME. *Example*:—GOOD LOOKS *Bullet*:—NOT WHEN SHE'S "ROUSED." *Example*:—HER HERO *Bullet*:—BEFORE—HER HEARER AFTER. The entry for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 508, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 10.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
508 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 10.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(508 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 10.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(508 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 10.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(508 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 508.

LABOUR GOVERNMENT—WHAT EVERY EXPERT AT WORK—SHOWING—HER PET—SHIP OF STATE—PUT OFF—PRIVATE HEARD—LOOKING FORWARD—SPOILT WIFE—FOR GOOD—GOD SAVE—CROSS THE DOOR—CONFUSED—ON TOP—THE PRICE—MY HEARER—DOOR OF CONTENTION—OUR CAT—VERSAILLES.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 10TH. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 508 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 508, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 508.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 505 can now be seen in the window of HAM BROTHERS, Newsagents, Pillory Street, Nantwich, Cheshire.

# THE SALE THAT ALL MEN WAIT FOR!

# CURZON'S Great Annual Sale

## made to measure suits

~~£3 3 0~~ ~~£4 4 0~~ ~~£5 5 0~~

**£2 — £3 — £4**

Suits made in the above style and 12 other styles, any of which you can select from our fashion book.

## SPECIAL 14 DAYS' SALE

ONCE a year, in January—and only once a year—CURZON'S Great Sale for Men takes place. Thousands of men in all parts of the country look forward to it, so as to order their suits for the year. The great feature of CURZON'S Annual Sale is that all the cloths offered are genuinely new goods—that is, they are not left-overs of old season's patterns, or job lots, but stocks that have been delivered from the Mills.

**All the standard qualities of the famous Yorkshire and West of England Woollens.**

**For a 3 guinea Suit you pay only £2**

**For a £4 10 0 Suit you pay only £3**

**For a £5 15 0 Suit you pay only £4**

### With this ADDED advantage:

Not one penny extra is charged, no matter what size you are, and not a cent for anything special you require. For instance, you can have double-breasted style; you can have as many pockets as you like, or raised seams, turned-up trousers, etc., etc., without extra charge.

*You know how much the ordinary firm charges for all these little matters.*

At CURZON'S Sale the £2, or £3, or £4 covers everything, and you get the

**FINEST VALUE in a MADE-TO-MEASURE Suit.**

*All the World knows It's "Curzon's" for Clothes*

### SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY.

Fill in the Coupon or write a letter or postcard, mentioning JOHN BULL, at once for the FREE patterns, which will be sent by return, together with the easy self-measure form and fashion book containing 12 different styles of suits, from any of which you can select the style you require.

*If you prefer, you can, instead of the measure form, send us one of your old suits, and we will copy it exactly, or make any variations you desire, and return the old suit to you, carriage paid at once.*

Customers living near our branches are invited to pay a personal visit to any of our shops and be personally served by our experienced managers.

Fill in this Coupon, or write a letter or postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.

**To CURZON BROS., Ltd.** *The Great London Measure Tailors.*

**36 and 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4**

Please send me free of all charge and without obligation, your Sale Patterns of Suitings with self measure form and fashion book, and if I place an order I do so on your guarantee (backed by JOHN BULL) to refund my money in full if I am not more than satisfied.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B. 5.·. 4.

## CURZON BROS., Ltd.

*The World's Measure Tailors*

New Head Depot:

**36 & 37, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.**

**WEST END:** 111, Strand, W.C.; 158, Strand, W.C.; 431, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 28 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 58, Southampton Row, W.C.; 13 Old Compton Street, W.

**CITY:** 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 34, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C.; 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C. 272 Bishopsgate, E.C.

**ALSO AT:—**
DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, GRAYS, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, HOVE, WIMBLEDON and GRAVESEND.

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